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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

The Silver Question.
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Poetry.

GOD'S LIGHTHOUSE.

The little head, with busy fancies filled
Leaned thoughtfully upon my breast at night,
While faint and fainter grew the western light,
And, one by one, the sounds of day were stilled.

The weary little feet, now tired of play,
Had danced for hours upon the sandy beach,
Chasing the waves or flying from their reach,
Lightsome and care-free as the tossing spray.

As the dear child lay nestling in my arm,
There darted through the dusk a sudden ray,
Flashed from the dimming shores across the bay,
Where the tall lighthouse warned the ships from harm.

And as we watched it shining o'er the deep,
Another beam fell slant athwart the air;
Of glorious, burning Sirius, we were aware;
Lifting our thought's to heaven's unbounded sweep.

Gazing, we fell to converse sweet and high,
On the great works of him who rules above,
While wondering awe and reverential love
Glowed in the child's serene, uplifted eye.

Then, as I pictured how our circling ball
Sails the etheral ocean 'midst the spheres,
Kept from disaster, down the speeding years,
By the wise, guiding hand that ruleth all,

Swiftly a glad thought shot across her face:
"Mother, dear mother, now I know," she cried,
"Why that star shines more bright than all beside;
That is God's lighthouse in the darkest place."

—Sarah F. Davis in Christian Intelligencer.

BABY'S HANDS.

Dainty, dimpled little things,
Soft as angels' plumy wings,
Naught to do but grow,
Awkwardly you move about,
Up and down and in and out;
Tell me do you know
Why such antics you go through?
What you're trying now to do?
Where you want to go?

Dainty, dimpled little things,
Clutching as your cradle swings
At thin nothingness.
Who can tell what you will hold
When your grasp is firm and bold?
May be honor—may be gold—
May be nothingness!

Dainty, dimpled little things,
Whatso'er the future brings,
There'll be work for you.
Though you still be soft and white,
You cannot your duties slight
While there's work to do.

There'll be burdens to be lifted,
From the bad good must be sifted,
From the false the true;
And though you're so soft and small,
Of this work a part will fall,
Little hands, on you.

—Womankind.

Our Story Teller.

The School Teacher's Story OF THE PHANTOM SCHOLAR.

By MARY E. WILKINS.

I have taught school forty-four years. Now I have delivered the keys of my school house to the committee. I have packed away on the top shelf of my closet a row of primers and readers, geographies, spelling books and arithmetics, and I have stopped work for the rest of my life. Through all these forty-four years of my life I have squeezed resolutely all the sweets out of existence and stored them up to make a kind of tasteless, but life-sustaining honey for old age. I have never spent one penny unless for the barest necessities, I have added term by term to the sum on my bank book, until I have been able to build this house, and have a sufficient sum at interest to live upon, I need little, very little to eat, and I wear my clothes carefully and long.

I was never extravagant in clothes but once. That was twenty-five years ago, when I was thirty-five, and expected to be married in the spring. I had a green silk dress then—a bright green. But I had it died black, and, after all, got considerable wear out of it, although it was flimsy. Colored silk is apt to be. I had a blue woolen, too, a color I would never have bought if I had not expected to be married, and that faded. I also had a black velvet cloak, something that was very costly, and I should not have bought it under any circumstances, but I was foolish. However, that has made my winter bonnets ever since; it was a good piece and not cut up much.

Looking backward forty-four years I cannot remember any other extravagance than this outlay in clothes, when I expected to be married at thirty-five. I never have bought any candy, except a few cough drops when I had a cold. I have never bought a ribbon even, or a breastpin. I have always worn my mother's old hairpin, although it was so old-fashioned, and the other girls had pretty gold and coral, or cameo ones.

My mother died when I was fourteen, my father when I was sixteen; then I began to teach. My father left me nothing. Mother was sick all her life, and he could not lay up a cent. However, there was enough to pay his funeral expenses, and I was thankful for that. I sometimes wonder what my father would say if he could see me now, and know how I am situated. I wonder if he would think I had done pretty well. I don't know how it can make any difference to him now; he is past all such earthy vanities, even if he knows about them, but I do sometimes feel glad I have done so well, on his account. Anybody has to have some account beside their own, even if it is somebody's that's dead.

I have built this house, with six rooms in it, and a woodshed. I have a little land, too. I keep hens and I am going to have a vegetable garden back of the house and a flower garden in front. I have good woolen carpets all over the house except the kitchen. I have stuffed parlor furniture and a marble-topped table, and a marble top shelf with a worked plush scarf on it. I have a handsome dining set and two nice chamber sets, and two beautiful silk quilts I pieced from bits my scholars gave me. I shouldn't be ashamed to have anybody go over my house. And I keep it nice, too; you could not find a speck of dust anywhere. Of course I have nobody to put it out of order, and that makes a difference. It has always been my habit to look at all the advantage there is in life and I have found there is an advantage side to everything. I can keep my house a great deal nicer than I could if I were not alone in the world. I sometimes wonder what I should do if I had a man coming in with muddy boots or children tracking dirt in and stubbing out my carpets or kicking the paint off my new doors.

To tell the truth, I never cared much about children, though I have been teaching them 44 years. I never dared to say so before, but it is true. Once in a while I saw a child that I thought a good deal of, but taking them all together I have often wondered how their own mothers could stand them. I would have worked my fingers to the bone for the few I did take a notion to. I fairly grudged them to their folks, but the others—and I hate to hide it, too; it wouldn't have done for the children to think I was partial. They had all the meanness of grown-up folks, without knowing enough to hide it. Grabbing each other's apple cores and teasing away each other's candy and the big ones plaguing the little ones; throwing paper balls and marking up the walls and everything else. I know, for one, that there's something in the doctrine of original sin. I guess most women that have taught a district school 44 years do.

I have never been sure, either, that they learned anything so as to remember it, and have it do them good. I have always been afraid that, no matter how hard I tried to do my duty to them, it was never quite done, and that I was teaching myself more than anybody else, just as I always seemed to hit my own hands harder than a scholar's when I had to ferule one.

I could travel all over the earth, on a map, and never once lose my way, but I wonder if my scholars could. I can spell through the spelling book without missing a word, but I know that not one of my scholars can do it. I can do every sum in the arithmetic, measure the depth of all wells, calculate the speed of all the dogs and foxes, and say the multiplication tables by heart, but I am quite sure that no boy or girl ever left my school who could. It seems to me sometimes that I have gone to school to my scholars, instead of my scholars going to school to me, and that I have never been of any benefit to any one of them.

Still, I have sometimes thought that I was, once, and in a strange way, to the strangest scholar I ever had. Before thinking even of this scholar, and this story, I have to review my face, and my whole character, in my mental vision as before a glass, to establish as it were, by own reliability to myself. Is it likely that anybody, who looks like that, should tell herself that she saw what she did not see, or heard what she did not hear? Is it likely that anybody, who is like that, should?

"But, after all, I was never given to saying things that weren't plain common sense. Still, it has always kind of seemed to me, when I thought of that time in Marshbrook, that it didn't ring like any known metal. But there may be some metals that really are on earth, though they are not known, I suppose, and anybody might hear them ring and be honest enough about it.

It was just twenty-five years ago today that I went to Marshbrook to teach the No. 1 district school. It was right in the middle of the spring time. I had given up my old school, because I was expecting to be married that May. But when I found out he'd changed his mind toward me I felt as if I had ought to go to work again. I'd laid out a good deal of money on my clothes, and I knew I'd have to make it up some way, as long as I was always going to have nobody but myself to depend on, the way I always had.

Maria Rogers had my old school. She had come from the east village to teach it, when I gave it up, and it wasn't more'n three weeks before he began to go with her. She was good looking, always smiling, though it always seemed to me it was a kind of silly smile. I was always sober and set-looking, and I couldn't smile easy even if I felt like it. Her hair curled, too. I tried to curl mine, but it wouldn't look like hers. I wouldn't believe it at first when folks came and told me he was going with her, and they thought I ought to know; but after awhile I saw enough to satisfy me, myself. I wrote him a letter, and told him I'd found out he had changed his mind, and he had my best wishes for his welfare and prosperity, and then I began to look out for another school. He didn't marry Maria Rogers till the spring term was through. She wanted the money for her wedding clothes. She was a cheap girl, or I could have had my old school. As it was, she had him, and my school, too.

I don't know as I should have got any till fall, if the teacher at the No. 1 district in Marshbrook hadn't left sudden. One of the committee came for me the next day and said I'd got to go there whether or no. I asked why the other teacher had left, and he said she wasn't very well. "Kind of hysterky," he called it. He was an old man and a doctor. I looked him straight in the face when he spoke, and I knew there was something behind what he said, and he knew I did.

"I'll give you 50 cents a week more, seeing as you come to oblige," says he.

"Very well," says I. I knew what it all meant. I had heard about district No. 1 in Marshbrook ever since I could remember. They never could keep a teacher there through the spring term. There wasn't any trouble fall and winter; but the teacher would have to leave in the spring term. They always tried to hush it up, and nobody ever knew exactly what they left for. I rather guess they bound the teachers over not to tell—maybe paid them a little extra. Anyway, nobody ever knew exactly what it was, but it got whispered 'round there was something wrong about the No. 1 school house.

Nobody but a stranger or somebody that was along in years and pretty courageous could be hired to go there and teach the spring term. The chances were that old Dr. Emmons couldn't get another soul besides me for love or money, and if I wouldn't go the school would have to be shut up till fall. But I didn't care anything about the stories. I never was one of the kind that listen, and hark, and screech, and I had had enough real things to think and worry about. Then I had a kind of feeling then—I suppose it was wicked—that it didn't matter much what happened anyway, after what had happened.

So I just packed up my trunk, while Dr. Emmons waited, and then he put it in behind in his wagon and carried me over to Marshbrook. It was about six miles away.

Marshbrook was named after the brook there that runs through marshy land, and gets soaked up in it some seasons of the year. That spring it was quite high, and the land all around it was yellow as gold with cowslips. We rode beside it quite a ways and the doctor said his wife had boiled cowslip greens twice. He talked considerably about such things being better for folks to eat than meat, too. He didn't say a word about the school till he set me down at the house where I was going to board. Then he said I looked as if I wasn't fidgety, and he hadn't any notion but what I could get along well and like the school. Then he said, half as if he hated to, but thought he'd better, that he guessed I might just as well make up my mind not to stay after school at night much, and not to keep the scholars. The schoolhouse was a rather lonesome place and some stragglers might come along. Then, too, it was rather damp there, being near the brook, after the dew fell, and he didn't think it was very healthy. I said "Very well." Then Mr. Orrin Simonds, the man where I was going to board, came out, and they carried my trunk betwixt them into the house.

I began school the next morning and got along well enough. The school was quite a large one, about forty in it, and none of them very old. They behaved well as usual, and I taught them the best I knew how. I ought to have done better by them than I had ever done for other scholars, for I hadn't any lookout for myself to take my mind off. I suppose I always had had a little, though I had hardly known it myself, and I ought to have been ashamed of it.

I did not stay after school for some two weeks, not because I was afraid of anything, for I wasn't, but I hadn't any call to. I didn't mind what Dr. Emmons had said at all, as far as I was concerned, but I thought I wouldn't keep the scholars anyway, so if anything did come up I wouldn't be blamed on their account. There wasn't anybody to blame me on mine, if I didn't give up the school—and I wasn't going to do that, anyway.

I went to meeting the Sunday after I went to Marshbrook. I suppose some folks thought I would get somebody to carry me home from meeting, seeing it was only six miles, and I belonged to the church there, but I felt as if I had just as soon see some new faces.

Maria Rogers used to sit right in front of me at home.

I noticed that folks in the meeting house at Marshbrook eyed me some. I don't know whether it was because I had come to teach the No. 1 school, or because I wore my green silk. I suppose it did look most too fine, but I had it, and it was a pleasant Sunday, and I thought I might just as well wear it, though somehow, every time I looked down at my lap as I sat in meeting, there was something about the color that seemed to strike over me and make me sick. I never liked green very well, but he did, and that was why I got it. I liked it better after it was colored, though it seemed a shame to have all the stiffening taken out of it. It was a beautiful piece.

I had a good boarding place, just Mr. Simonds and his wife, and she was as neat as wax and a good cook. She was kind of woodeny, and didn't talk much, but I didn't feel much like talking, and I liked it full as well. She used to have supper early, and as soon as I got home from school, and then I used to go upstairs to my chamber and sit by myself. Mrs. Simonds didn't neighbor much, she said, but I guess after I came folks run in more. I'd hear them talking down stairs. I guess they wanted to know how I was getting along at the Number One School.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

TRAVELS OF SEEDS.

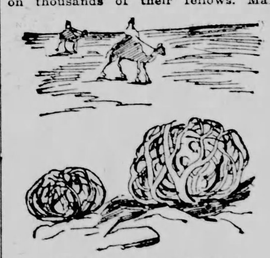
About the "Rose of Jericho"—How It Crosses the Desert.

Nature has spared no pains to provide for the perpetuation of living organism. She is prodigal,even apparently wasteful, in her efforts to attain this end. Every plant throws out yearly its myriads of seeds, and no small part of the machinery adapted to make this product fulfill its mission is that directed to the distribution of these seeds. So effective is this machinery that plants spread in a few years over wide regions—witness the incursions of weeds like the so-called Russian thistle, against which the efforts of the farmer seem almost unavailing. The means by which this rapid spreading is brought about are the subject of an article by Prof. F. Muller, in "Der Stein der Weisen," Vienna, of which the "Literary Digest" translates the most interesting portions:

Who has sent them (the plants) as colonists into this new, unpeopled land? Whence have they come, and by what way? It we call the roll of the army of colonists, that we may get an answer to this question, we shall find especially plants whose seeds can navigate the airlike miniature flying machines, often for long distances.

All these belong to the widely-distributed aster family (Compositae) or to the nearly related teazel family (Dipsaceae). Their seeds are furnished, to fit them for their long sails through the airy sea, with a sort of parachute of soft, feathery fibres. The lightest breeze raises them and bears them in graceful sweep over field and meadow, but the storm wind lifts them to the region of the clouds so that they fly with the eagle over hill and dale to far and foreign lands. Millions, to be sure, fall to the ground without reaching the sought-for soil, but other millions fulfill the end of their existence, the perpetuation and increase of their kind. Next to the composite plants is the numerous mustard family (Cruciferae). . . . Then comes the pink family with its countless representatives, and the plain looking silene family, whose light seeds fly about hither and thither as the stems are tossed about by the wind.

When a summer thunder storm bursts bending the strongest trees, or when in autumn the wind rushes through the woods, then the time has come when the plant-children, now wholly gladly attached to the plant-mother—that, is the ripe seeds that cling to them—are torn away and set out on their adventurous travels; then they whirl and dance in the air, along with thousands on thousands of their fellows. Many



THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

rise high in air and sail on the upper air currents far away—others remain in the tree-tops or hang from the branches; others still fall on roofs or bare rocks; many, too, drop on passing men or beasts. Chance bears few to any place where their growth is assured; the greater part must perish."

After mentioning the various trees that have winged seeds, such as the ash, maple, etc., Prof. Muller goes on to describe a peculiarly interesting plant belonging to this class—the "rose of Jericho," shown in the accompanying illustration:

The spherical plant, resembling a bird's nest, in the foreground, is the so-called "rose of Jerico" (Anastatica Hierochuntia) belonging to the family of Cruciferae. When the plant approaches maturity it forms by the bending of its branches a spherical ball that carries the fruit within. Now the dying mother-plant is ready for its journey over the desert. When with the help of the wind it has become detached from the ground, it is rolled about in the storm, hopping and springing over the Earth, now leaping over some rock that protrudes from the sea of sand, now over the bleaching skeleton of some unlucky wanderer of the desert, all the time strewing its seeds far and wide.

JOKES OF THE JUNGLE-BRED.

The Elephant, the Tiger and Two Kinds of Spring.

The sun was shining brightly outside and the elephant felt the impulse of its genial influence as he reached his trunk around and banged away at the cage of his neighbor, the royal Bengal tiger, which was curled up over in the far corner.

"Say, Tigey, old boy," remarked the elephant, "did you know Spring had come?"

The royal Bengal growled and showed his teeth.

"I say," repeated the elephant, sticking his trunk into the cage and blowing a basketful of dust over the tiger, "I say, spring has come."

The tiger bounded up and hit on the elephant's trunk, almost tearing the lid off of it with his claws.

"Wow," whistled the elephant, withdrawing it precipitately, "I didn't mean that kinder of a spring," and he hunched over as far from his neighbor as he could get.—Detroit Free Press.

An English View of It.

"What is the cause of this illumination?" asked a traveling Englishman of the waiter at a hotel in a German town.

"Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess has just become the mother of a grand ducal infant," replied the waiter.

"Is that so?" responded the Englishman, taking out his notebook; "I must make a note of that." He writes: "Whenever the city is illuminated the Grand Duchess becomes the mother of a grand ducal infant!" and then says: "That's very interesting, indeed."

An Overpowering Thought.

Talley—What did you think of the jokes sprung at the minstrel show last night?

Bozlig—I thought of their age, that's all.—Roxbury Gazette.

TWO GREAT FIRE EATERS.

Marvelous Performances of Two Young Americans in Paris.

The fire eaters of whom we propose to speak, and who have been exhibited in the hall of the Olympia at Paris, excel in their line anything of the kind that has been seen up to the present. They not only swallow flames, but handle fire and cause it to flash from their fingers.

These fire eaters are two young Americans who have cultivated physics and electricity considerably. When they perform their experiments they are clad in a tight-fitting costume of a red color, which represents that of the devils of fairy scenes. The stage upon which they appear remains but dimly lighted during the entire time of their presence thereon. At the back of it there is a piece of furniture that resembles an office desk seen from the rear, but no detail of this object is distinguishable. The devils go behind it and seem to make some preperations with their hands there, and then they come to the front of the stage and cause very thin but brilliant flames to dart from their fingers. Bringing these flames near their mouths, they seem to swallow them, and then extinguish them between their teeth.

When the two devils touch each other's hands a crackling is heard and long flames dart forth for a few seconds from the tips of their fingers, which they continuously move.

In a subsequent experiment, without putting anything in their mouths, they

FROM THE ENDS OF THE FINGERS.

blow with energy and a brilliant flame makes its exit from between their lips. They shoot forth a jet of flame for a considerable length of time, which certainly exceeds half a minute.

While these singular phenomena are occurring the spectators absolutely smell no odor. It is probable that the combustion is due to a very volatile essence, but we are unable either to state precisely the nature of it or to give an exact explanation of the experiments performed. The red devils keep their secret, and when they are questioned remain mute.

The chemist there are here some interesting experiments to take up and study.—La Nature.

ENGRAVING ON DIAMONDS.

The Feat Has Recently Been Accomplished in Paris.

Diamonds can now be engraved in a very artistic manner. The development of the diamond cutting art brings into existence a new class of jewelry, for which a considerable demand is expected.

It was long believed that the diamond could not be engraved with safety or satisfactory results. A few stones roughly engraved were found in India, and a diamond was exhibted at the Paris Exposition, in 1878 on which a portrait of the king of Holland was scratched. But this work was very imperfect, and the stones were rather depolished than engraved.

Some of the finest examples of engraving on diamonds are the work of M. Bordinet, a Paris jeweler. A group of these precious objects is reproduced here.

One of the scarf-pins representing a yataghan, of which the blade is a slender diamond; the handle is a ruby. Another example is a large circular stone on which a pansy, with its foliage, is engraved. In another case, the design is a knife, made with two diamonds.

An elaborate piece of work is a bicycle, of which the wheels are two circular diamonds. The spokes are represented by lines engraved on the diamonds. A small hole is pierced at each axle.

Another diamond is carved like a fish. A handsome brooch is a scarabaeus, surrounded by sapphires and brilliants.

The most remarkable is a ring made of one diamond, the interior surface being polished and the exterior elaborately engraved. It is said that there is nothing similar to this in existence.

Other samples are brooches representing flies, of which the wings are thin, engraved diamonds; two diamonds engraved with armorial bearing, the imperial arms of Russia being used in one instance on shirt and cuff buttons.

Formerly it was only possible to produce the polish on flat surfaces, but M. Bordinet has been able to do this on concave portions, as on the body and the interior of the ring.

His tools produce not only straight lines, as in the wheels, the racquet and the flies' wings, but a free modelling, as in the pansy, the Russian arms and the scarabaeus. He has invented these tools himself, and intends that his son alone shall have the use of them. They are exceedingly delicate and difficult to handle. He spent 25 years bringing them to perfection.

It is but a few years since it was first possible to pierce holes in diamands. This feat made possible the placing of diamonds on a string, alternating with pearls. The work is now done generally in diamond-cutting establishments.

The Single Thought Business.

A tear clung for an instant to her curving lash. Her lip quivered.

"I have quarreled with my husband," she faltered.

"I thought you were two souls with but a single thought."

"That was just the trouble. I wanted to use it for spring millinery, while he wished to devote it to the new base ball rules."

All of which goes to further illustrate how foolish it is to get married without a second thought.—Detroit News.

Signs of Genius.

"I'm sure that baby is going to be a great artist," said the fond mother.

"Isn't he rather young to evince any talent?"

"That's just where he shows his genius. I left him where he could get some red ink on his fingers, and before I knew what he was doing he had decorated the library wall with one of the loveliest magazine posters you ever saw."—Washington Star.

Unutterable.

"Do you not sometimes have soulful yearnings which you long to convey in words, but can not?" asked the sentimental girl.

"Yes, indeed," replied the young man. "I was once dreadfully anxious to send home for money, and I didn't have the prict of a telegram."—Washington Star.

Double Quantity.

As one entranced she stood and stared at the fatal spot where the cruel waters had closed over his head.

"He has yielded his life for me," she moaned.

The tempest tossed her hair in wet ringlets over her face. She heeded it not.

"And his was a double life, too."

The extent of his sacrifice had a tragic fascination for her.—Detroit Tribune.

Not for Love.

Gertie (who has behaved very rudely to her mamma, to her aunt)—Aunty Clara, pray don't go away yet!

Aunt (flattered)—I had no idea you were so fond of me, Gertie!

Gertie—Oh! Aunty Clara, it isn't that, but mamma said I was to be whipped when you had gone.—Dorfzarbler.

MRS. BICKFORD'S ONLY ROSE.

A Story of Reminiscent Rivalry in a Widow's Heart.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

(CONCLUDED.)

"Then I asked him where it was, one day that spring when I'd got tired to death churnin' an' the butter wouldn't come in a churn I'd had to borrow, and he'd gone an' took ours all to pieces to get the works to make some other useless contrivance with. He had no sort of a business turn, but he was well meanin', Mr. Wallis was, an' full of divertin' talk; they used to call him very good company. I see now that he never had no proper chance. I've always regretted Mr. Wallis," said she who was now the widow Bickford.

"I'm sure you always speak well of him," said Miss Pendexter. "'Twas a pity he hadn't got among good business men, who could push his inventions an' do all the business part."

"I was left very poor and needy for them next few years," said Mrs. Bickford mournfully; "but he never'd give up but what he should die worth his $50,000. I don't see now how I ever did get along them next few years without him; but there, I always managed to keep a pig, an' sister Eliza gave me my potatoes, and I made out somehow. I could dig me a few greens, you know, in the spring, an' then 'twould come strawberry time, an' other berries a-followin' on. I was always decent to go to meetin' till within the last six months, an' then I went in bad weather, when folks wouldn't notice; but 'twas a rainy summer, an' I managed to get considerable preachin' after all. My clothes looked proper enough when it was a rainy Sunday. I often think of them pinched days now, when I'm left so comfortable by Mr. Bickford."

"Yes'm, you've everything to be thankful for," said Miss Pendexter, who was as poor herself at that moment as her friend had ever been, and who never could dream of venturing upon the support and championship of a pig. "Mr. Bickford was a very personable man," she hastened to say, the confidences were so intimate and so interesting.

"Oh, very," replied Mrs. Bickford; there was something about him that was very marked. Strangers would always ask who he was as he come into meetin'. His words counted; he never spoke except he had to. 'Twas a relief at first after Mr. Wallis' being so fluent; but Mr. Wallis was splendid company for winter evenings—'twould be 8 o'clock before you knew it. I didn't use to listen to it all, but he had a great deal of information. Mr. Bickford was dreadfully dignified; I used to be sort of meechin' with him along at the first, for fear he'd disapprove of me; but I found out 't wa'n't no need; he was always just that way, and done everything by rule and measure. He hadn't the mind of my other husbands, but he was a very dignified appearing man; he used 'most always to sleep in the evenin's, Mr. Bickford did."

"Them is lovely bo'quets, certain," exclaimed Miss Pendexter. "Why, I couldn't tell 'em apart; the flowers are comin' out just right, aren't they?"

Mrs. Bickford nodded assent, and then, startled by sudden recollection, she cast a quick glance at the rose in the window.

"I always seem to forget about your first husband, Mr. Fraley," Miss Pendexter suggested bravely. "I've often heard you speak of him, too, but he'd passed away long before I ever knew you."

"He was but a boy," said Mrs. Bickford. "I thought the world was done for me when he died, but I've often thought 't was a mercy for him. He come of a very melancholy family, and all his brothers and sisters enjoyed poor health; it might have been his lot. Folks said we was as pretty a couple as ever come into church; we was both dark, with black eyes, an' a good deal-o' color—you wouldn't expect it to see me now. Albert was one that held up his head, an' looked as if he meant to own the town, an' he had a good word for everybody. I don't know what the years might have brought forth."

There was a long pause. Mrs. Bickford leaned over to pick up a heavy-headed Guelder rose that had dropped on the floor.

"I expect 't was what they call fallin' in love," she added, in a different tone; "he wasn't nothin' but a boy, an' I wa'n't nothin' but a girl, but we was dreadful happy. He didn't favor his folks—they all had hair-colored hair, and was faded looking, except his mother; they were alike and set everything by each other. He was just the kind of a strong, hearty man that goes right off if they get a fever. We was just settled on a little farm, an' he'd have done well if he'd had time; as it was, he left debts. He had a hasty temper, and that was his great fault, but Albert had a lovely voice to sing, they said there wa'n't no such tenor voice in this part o' the state. I could hear him singing to himself right out in the field a ploughin' or a hoein', an' he didn't know it half o' the time, no more'n a common bird would. I don't know's I valued his gift as I ought to, but there was nothin' ever sounded so sweet to me. I ain't one that ever had much fancy, but I knowed Albert had a pretty voice."

Mrs. Bickford's own voice trembled a little, but she held up the last bouquet and examined it critically. "I must hurry now an' put these in water," she said in a matter-of-fact tone. Little Miss Pendexter was so quiet and sympathetic that her hostess felt no more embarrassment than if she had been talking to herself only.

"Yes; they do seem to droop some; 't is a little warm for them here in the sun," said Miss Pendexter; "but you'll find that they'll come up if you give them their fill o' water. They'll look very handsome to-morrow; folks'll notice them from the road. You've arranged them very tasty, Mis' Bickford."

"They do look pretty, don't they?" Mrs. Bickford regarded the three in turn. "I want to have them all pretty. You may deem it strange, Abby."

"Why, no, Mis' Bickford," said the guest sincerely, although a little perplexed by the solemnity of the occasion. "I know how 'tis with friends—that having one don't keep your mom wanting another; 't is just like havin' somethin' to eat, and then wantin' somethin' to drink just the same. I expect all friends find their places."

But Mrs. Bickford was not interested in this figure, and still looked vague and anxious as she began to brush the broken stems and wilted leaves into her wide calico apron. "I did me the best I could while they were alive," she said, "and mourned 'em when I lost 'em, an' I feel grateful to be left so comfortable now when all is over. It seems foolish, but I'm still at a loss about that rose."

"Perhaps you'll feel sure when you first wake up in the morning," answered Miss Pendexter solicitously. "It's a case where I don't deem myself qualified to offer you any advice. But I'll say one thing, seeing 's you've been so friendly spoken and confiding with me. I never was married myself, Mrs. Bickford, because it wasn't so that I could have the one I liked."

"I suppose he ain't livin' then? Why, I wasn't never aware you had met with a disappointment, Abby," said Mrs. Bickford instantly. None of her neighbors had ever suspected little Miss Pendexter of a romance.

"Yes'm, he's livin'," replied Miss Pendexter humbly. "No'm, I never have heard that he died."

"I want to know," exclaimed the woman of experience. "Well, I'll tell you this, Abby; you may have regretted your lot, and felt lonesome and hardshiped, but they all have their faults, and a single woman's got her liberty, if she ain't got other blessin's."

"'Twouldn't have been my choice to live alone," said Abby, meeker than before. "I feel very thankful for my blessin's, all the same. 'You've always been a kind neighbor, Mis' Bickford."

"Why can't you stop to tea?" asked the elder woman, with unusual cordiality; but Miss Pendexter remembered that her hostess often expressed a dislike for unexpected company, and promptly took her departure after she had arisen to go, glancing up at the bright flower as she passed outside the window. It seemed to belong most to Albert, but she had not liked to say so. The sun was low; the green fields stretched away southward into the misty distance.

II.

Mrs. Bickford's house appeared to watch her out of sight down the road, the next morning. She had lost all spirit for her holiday. Perhaps it was the unusual excitement of the afternoon's reminiscences, or it might have been simply the bright moonlight night which had kept her broad awake until dawn, thinking of the past, and more and more concerned about the rose. By this time it had ceased to be merely a flower, and had become a definite symbol and assertion of personal choice. She found it very difficult to decide. So much of her present comfort and well-being was due to Mr. Bickford; still, it was Mr. Wallis who had been most unfortunate and to whom she had done least justice. If she owed recognition to Mr. Bickford, she certainly owed amends to Mr. Wallis. If she gave him the rose it would be for the sake of an affectionate apology. And then there was Albert, to whom she had no thought of being either indebted or forgiving. But she could not escape from the terrible feeling of indecision.

It was a beautiful morning for a drive, but Mrs. Bickford was kept waiting some time for the chaise. Her nephew, who was to be her escort, had found much social advantage at the blacksmith's shop, so that it was after 10 when the family started with the three stocked bouquets covered with a newspaper to protect them from the sun. The petals of the almond flowers were beginning to scatter, and now and then little streams of water leaked out of the newspaper and trickled down the steep slope of her best dress to the bottom of the chaise. Even yet she had not made up her mind; she had stopped trying to deal with such an evasive thing as decision, and leaned back and rested as best she could.

"What an old fool I be," she reproved herself from time to time, in so loud a whisper that her companion ventured a respectful "What, ma'am?" and was astonished that she made no reply. He was a handsome young man, but Mrs. Bickford could never cease thinking of him as a boy. He had always been her favorite among the younger members of the family, and he now returned this affectionate feeling, being possessed of an instinctive confidence in the securities of his prosaic aunt.

As they drove along there had seemed at first to be something unsympathetic and garish about the beauty of the summer day. After the shade and shelter of the house Mrs. Bickford suffered from ever a more contracted and assailed feeling out of doors. The very trees by the roadside had a curiously fateful, trying way of standing back to watch her as she passed in her acute agony of her indecision, and she was annoyed and startled by a bird that flew too near the chaise in a moment of surprise. She was conscious of a strange reluctance to the movement of the Sunday chaise, as if she were being conveyed against her will; but the companionship of her nephew John grew every moment to be more and more a reliance. It was very comfortable to sit by his side, even though he had nothing to say. He was manly and cheerful, and she began to feel protected.

"Aunt Bickford," he suddenly announced, "I may as well out with it. I've got a piece o' news to tell you. If you won't let on to nobody. I expect you'll laugh, but you know I've been going by Mary Lizzie Gifford ever since I was a boy. Well, sir!"

"Well, sir!" exclaimed Aunt Bickford in her turn, quickly roused into most comfortable self-forgetfulness. "I am really pleased. She'll make you a good, smart wife. Ain't all the folks pleased, both sides?"

"Yes, they be," answered John soberly, with a happy, important look that became him well.

"I guess I can make out to do something to help you along when the right time comes," said Aunt Bickford impulsively, after a moment's reflection. "I've known what it is to be starting out in life with plenty o' hope. You ain't particular 'bout gettin' married before fall, or be you?"

"'Long in the fall," said John regretfully. "I wish t' we could set up for ourselves right away this summer. I ain't got much ahead, but I can work well as anybody, an' now I'm out o' my time."

"She's a nice, modest, pretty girl. I thought she liked you, John," said the old aunt. "I saw her over to your mother's the last day I was there. Well, I expect you'll be happy."

"Certain," said John, turning to look at her affectionately, surprised by this outspokenness and lack of embarrassment between them. "Thank you, aunt," he said, simply; "you're a real good friend to me," and he looked away again hastily, and blushed a fine scarlet over his sunburned face. "She's coming over to spend the day with the girls," he added. "Mother thought of it. You don't get over to see us very often."

Mrs. Bickford smiled approvingly. John's mother looked for her good opinion, no doubt, but it was very proper for John to have told his prospects himself, and in such a pretty way. There was no shilly-shallying about the boy.

"My gracious," said John suddenly, "I'd like to have drove right by the burying ground. I forgot we wanted to stop."

Strange as it may appear, Mrs. Bickford herself had not noticed the burying ground, either, in her excitement and pleasure; now, she felt distressed and responsible again and showed it in her face at once. The young man leaped lightly to the ground, and reached for the flowers.

"Here, you just let me run up with 'em," he said kindly. "'Tis hot in the sun to-day, an' you'll mind it risin' the hill. We'll stop and fetch you back to-night, and you can go up comfortable an' walk the yard after sundown when it's cool, an' stay as long as you're a mind to. You seem sort of tired out."

"I don't know but I will let you carry 'em," said Mrs. Bickford slowly.

To leave the matter of the rose in the hands of fate seemed weakness and cowardice, but there was not a moment for consideration. John was a smiling fate, and his proposition was a great relief. She watched him go away with a terrible inward shaking, and sinking of pride. She had held the flowers with so firm a grasp that her hands felt weak and numb, and as she leaned back and shut her eyes she was afraid to open them again at first for fear of knowing the bouquets apart even at that distance, and giving instructions which she might regret. With a sudden impulse she called John once or twice eagerly; but her voice had a thin and piping sound, and the meditative early crickets that chirped in the fresh summer grass probably sounded louder in John's ears. The bright light on the white stones dazzled Mrs. Bickford's eyes; and then all at once she felt lighthearted and the sky seemed to lift itself higher and wider from the earth, and she gave a sigh of relief as he messenger came back along the path. "I know who I do hope's got the right one," she said to herself. "There what a touse I be. I don't see what I had to go and pick the old rose for, anyway."

"I declare, they did look real handsome, aunt," said John's hearty voice as he approached the chaise. "I set 'em up just as you told me. This one fell out, an' I kept it. I don't know's you'll care. I can give it to Lizzie."

He faced her now with a bright, boyish look. There was something gay in his buttonhole; it was the red rose.

Aunt Bickford blushed like a girl. "Your choice is easy made," she faltered mysteriously, and then burst out laughing, there in front of the burying ground. "Come, get right in, dear," she said. "Well, well; I guess the rose was made for you; it looks very pretty in your coat, John."

She thought of Albert, and the next moment the tears came into her old eyes. John was a lover, too.

"My first husband was just such a tall, straight young man as you be," she said as they drove along. "The flower he first gave me was a rose."

NO USE FOR A CAMERA.

The Old Mountaineer Didn't Want His Picture Taken.

An hour before noon I overtook a young man with a camera who was making snap shots by the wayside. A few minutes later we met a mountaineer on a mule with a sack of corn behind him, and after salutations had been exchanged the artist said he would like to take his picture.

"Is that thing fur takin' pictures?"

"Yes—takes a regular photograph."

"Would it look like me"

"Of course."

"And the mewl?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll have to disappint ye. Thar was a feller up yere with a

"IS THAT FUR TAKIN' PICTURES?"

squintin' masheen like that, and he met my brother Bill. He sot on a rock and squinted at him and jogged along. When he got down to Knoxville he fixed the pictur' up and was showin't around when a feller says to him:

"'Whar did ye meet this yere critter.'

"'Up above Cumberland Gap.'

"'And meught his first name be Bill?'

"'I reckon.'

"'And his last name Scott?'

"'The same.'

"That's about all they said, but in the co'se of three days a lot of revenue officers cum along and gobbled on to Bill, and he's in the Albany prison doin' time yit. They dun reckoned he was in Texas till they saw his pictur'."

"But as the revenue officers don't want you, that removes the objection," explained the artist.

"It 'pears to, but it don't do it," replied the old man, as he looked up and down the road. "You take my pictur'. You go down to Clinton. You show it around. Purty soon a feller cums along and says:

"'Durn my hide, but that looks like ole Jeb Scott, up in the hills!'

"Wall," continued the old man, "in about three days I'd be roostin' in jail and hev only myself to blame fur it, while them revenue fellers would be jest tickled to death."

"But I thought they didn't want you," protested the artist.

"No, I reckon they don't, but they would as soon as they saw the pictur'. Some of 'em would recognize the innercent ole critter who locked seven of 'em up in a stable while the boys were totin' a moonshine still out of a ravine and over the mountains, and I hain't much of a mind to ask. I'm afraid I couldn't explain how I happened to fall asleep and leave 'em thar till they cut thar way out through the roof. You can squint at the ole mewl and the bag of co'n all day if it will obleege ye, but don't pull trigger till ole Jeb Scott gits down and hides behind a log."—Detroit Free Press.

BISMARCK'S IDEA OF HIMSELF.

He Thinks He Ought to Have Been Pope of Rome.

A portrait painter's work acquaints him with the strange contrasts. Mr. Healy, having painted the portraits of Thiers and Garibaldi, went to Berlin to paint the portrait of their terrible adversary, Bismarck. The painter fresh from Thiers, "the liberator of the territory," and Garibaldi, "the dictator," felt a curious sensation as he saw before him as a sitter the man who had humiliated France.

Bismarck was exceedingly kind to the artist, who dined with the Chancellor and his family, ate at their table and heard their familiar talk.

"It seems hard to imagine," writes Mr. Healy in his "Reminiscences," "that this excellent husband and father, this man who seemed cut out to be a country gentleman, to live a life of jolly, careless ease, should be the Bism

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1—Your name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

"Gold Clauses."

J. B., Adams, Ore., writes thus: "I see it stated in the Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of May 9, that 'the standard silver dollar is a full legal tender for every purpose, and in any amount, exactly as gold.' There is one very important exception—that, exclusive of the indebtedness of banks to depositors, must include nineteen-twentieths of all the indebtedness of the Pacific coast and Rocky Mountain states.

"I refer to the note payable in 'gold coin of the United States.'

"In all the states above referred to, the custom is universal among individuals, banks, mortgage and loan companies, to include that gold clause in all their promises to pay. There are no exceptions.

"True, the banks accept the silver dollar in payment of the gold note, but it is only for accommodation, courtesy and convenience.

"Let gold go to a premium—as it certainly will under free coinage of silver—then the creditor will insist on all his rights. It will suddenly be found that silver will not pay debts.

"Now notice the situation. Banks will have a perfectly legal right to pay depositors in silver, or any other legal tender, but will accept nothing else than gold in payment of notes. The debtors will have no other course open to him but to go to the holders of gold and buy it, paying for it just whatever the owners of it see fit to ask.

"With free coinage of silver, the scramble for gold—on this coast, at least—will amount almost to savagery."

He also incloses a printed blank note, of the form in common use in Oregon. The following is its form:

"..... after date, without grace, ... promise to pay to the order of .... Dollars, in gold coin of the United States of America, of the present standard value, with interest thereon, in like gold coin, at the rate of ..... per cent per ..... from ..... until paid, for value received. Interest to be paid ..... and if not so paid, the whole sum of both principal and interest to become immediately due and collectable, at the option of the holder of this note. And in case suit or action is instituted to collect this note, or any portion thereof, ... promise and agree to pay, in addition to the costs and disbursements provided by statute ..... dollars, in like gold coin, for attorney's fees in said suit or action."

Such notes as the above would not be used, were it not for the agitation for the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. In order to market railway and industrial bonds in Europe, it is necessary they shall contain a similar stipulation. The business world believes that free coinage at 16 to 1 would at once drive to the silver standard, the silver dollar be worth only its bullion value, just about half what it now, and gold become an article of merchandise.

Of course these gold clauses are simply precautionary measures. So long as silver dollars have, as at present, the same value as gold, the latter will not be insisted upon in their payment. The object is not to obtain gold, but the full value of the obligation. All the money now is equal in value to gold, and lenders merely want to get equal value when the loan is repaid.

A note is a contract, and of course a law of a state legislature, declaring a gold clause in a note unlawful, would not be operative, for it would violate that section of the constitution which forbids any state from passing any law impairing the obligation of contracts. A state might pass a law forbidding the insertion of a gold clause in any note made after its passage, but this would simply cause lenders to refuse to make any loans in that state.

The Baltic Canal.

E. S. A., Oberlin, asks for the dimensions and cost of the Baltic canal. By the navigation of the Baltic will be rendered much safer. The tortuous channels between Denmark and Sweden which before had to be passed before Kiel or the Russian ports on the Baltic could be reached were the dread of sailors. They were considered a veritable death trap, and not without good reason. On an average 250 ships foundered there every year. It is hoped that this number of losses will be saved by the completion of the canal.

It was not with the view of lessening the perils of navigation, however, that the construction of the canal was undertaken, but for the purpose of increasing the greatness of Germany as a maritime power. The canal was built primarily to make the harbor of Kiel accessible as a rendezvous for the German navy. The construction of the canal has been successfully accomplished in every particular. It was begun on June 3, 1887, and has cost well nigh $40,000,000. Beginning at Kiel the new canal crosses the Prussian province of Holstein and joins the Elbe at Brunsbuttel, below Hamburg. Its entire length is 53½ miles. Its width 223 feet at the surface and 72 feet at the bottom. Its average depth is 29½ feet. This provides ample space for the easy movement of the largest vessel in the German fleet. There are only two locks in the canal. One is at the Baltic end and is open all the year round with the exception of 25 days. The other is on the Elbe and is open daily from four to five hours during the year.

At Brunsbuttel, on the Elbe, there is an outer harbor 1,312 feet long by 328 feet wide. The Elbe lock is near this harbor. It is 656 feet long by 82 feet wide and 32½ feet deep. At the inner end of this lock there is another harbor 1,640 feet long by 656 feet wide. It is expected that 1,800 ships will make use of the canal annually and that they will represent a traffic of 7,500,000 tons. This is about one-half what formerly passed through the Skager Rack and the Cattegat. The canal tolls will be 1½ cents per net registered ton. The canal reduces the length of the passage from any point south of Hull by 238 miles, while ships from Bremen will be saved 262 miles and those from Hamburg 424 miles by using the canal.

A. T. Stewart's Body.

School boy, Springfield, O., asks: "Was A. T. Stewart's body ever recovered?"

Yes. After his retirement from the position of superintendent of the poor in New York city, George W. Walling wrote about the return of Stewart's body. Negotiations were carried on through him with persons who said they had the body. They sent a piece of paper which fitted the diamond cut in the cloth covering of the casket. Finally everything was arranged. A relative of Mr. Stewart drove alone along a Westchester country road one night; he was stopped by a man who gave him a prearranged word, was blindfolded, driven some distance and finally released to find himself in a field with a number of men. They produced the cloth cut from the casket and in other ways proved that they had the body. The relative produced the needed sum of money; a box containing the body was put into his open wagon; he was blindfolded again and taken to the spot where the man had hailed him. There he was released and uncovered his eyes. The body was placed in the crypt of the cathedral at Garden City the next day. It is now there.

Coining Silver Dollars.

W. P. M., Woodbine, Iowa, writes: "Enclosed find clipping from Weekly Blade of May 9, in which it is stated that there were $85,000 of silver coined in April, of which $80,000 was in standard dollars. I thought there was no silver being coined. Please explain."

The law provides that whenever the secretary of the treasury needs silver dollars for the purpose of redeeming treasury notes of 1890, he may order them coined out of the bullion purchased under that act. This is evidently the case in the instance to which you refer. We think the interpretation of the law by the treasury department is loose, for those notes are paid out again, and when paid in more dollars could be coined and so on until the bullion would be used, which is certainly not the intent of the law.

Sale of Patent Right.

K., Erie, Ill., asks: "If a man owns a patent right and sells all or part of his right must the deed of sale or transfer be recorded in the patent office, provided the deed is acknowledged before a notary public and his jurat and notarial signature and seal are properly affixed to the deed?"

The buyer would be a fool if he did not do so, for the recording of the transfer is the only way he can prevent the seller, if so inclined, from making a second sale of the same. It is exactly like the record of a deed for real estate. No sensible man buys real estate without looking up the title as recorded, and having the deed he obtained put upon record.

Form of Baptism.

R. C. W., Chula, Ark., asks: "Does Dr. Talmadge believe baptism by immersion essential to salvation? What kind of baptism does he advocate?"

Dr. Talmadge is a Presbyterian, and we suppose he holds the same view on baptism as his church. It recognizes, we believe, any baptism to be valid, whether by immersion, pouring or sprinkling. The latter is the form most generally used, we believe, by Presbyterians.

That War Incident.

J. R. V. has our thanks for an answer to a query in a recent issue. He says: "The soldier was a private of Co. B., 7th Connecticut Volunteers, and the flag was the 'Connecticut Blue' with the state coat of arms on it. One color bearer had been killed, the next to take it was wounded, and now the second man wounded. He said 'take her, boys, she hasn't touched the ground!' John Dales, of Co. I took it and carried it inside the breastworks. All of this at Fort Wagner, Morris Island, S. C., July 12, 1863."

Packing Eggs.

J. N. H., Princeton, Ill., writes:—"I packed the eggs in salt last October and used the last of them on Easter day. They were as good as when put in last fall."

Miscellaneous.

H. G. M., Bright, Tenn.: It is probable that hypnotism is an art which can be acquired, but we cannot tell you how to acquire it.

S. S., Kirksville, Mo.: We do not know the common name of the chicot tree. The chicot (pronounced che-ko) is the seed of the moringa pterygosperma.

N. E. W., of Newcastle, Tenn., asks for the name of the author and publisher of a book called "West Lynne," a sequel to "East Lynne." We never heard of the book. Will some one answer?

W. A. O., Lead Mine, Mo.,: The only way to learn pharmacy is by actual practice in a drug store. We presume that your state law requires applicants for a certificate to have been so employed for a specified length of time.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.

Macmillan & Co., New York city, issue a most useful volume entitled Adoption and Amendment of Constitution in Europe and America, by Charles Borgeand. For this work the author received the Rossi prize awarded by the Law Faculty of Paris. It has been translated by Charles D. Hazen and furnishes to those interested in the subject of constitution-making much clear and definite information which is of great value. It shows that to judge a constitutional system correctly it is necessary to understand its general underlying principles, and this can only be done by studying the origin of the fundamental law upon which the system is based. That this is possible it has been the aim of the of the author to show, and the volume makes most interesting and valuable reading.

Melting Snows is a story told by Prince Schoenaich-Carolath and translated into English by Margaret Symonds. The hero is Bent Sorenson, the son of the pastor in Mandrygaard, who is working at mathematics in a big town of North Germany. His struggles, his love for the heroine, Gracinta, who is studying to become a singer, the troubles that come to him through this life and the final ending of it all, make a tale that will fascinate its readers, especially those who have a sympathy with the efforts of the young to grasp happiness in a world where it rarely exists. It is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York city.

The Romance of the Sword, by Georges Duval, is a Napoleonic novel brought out by the Merriam company, of New York. It is strongly written, opening in London in the year 1793, at the tavern called the White Heron, where was held an interview between the Jew Samuel and the Count d'Artois, the brother of Louis XVI, who had come to borrow money which was to be used in carrying forward efforts to restore the king to his throne. Around the existing events of the following months and years has been thrown the magic of romance. The story has been well translated by Mary J. Safford.

Among the translations which have been issued recently is that of The Abbe Constantin, by Ludovic Halevy, of the French Academy. It is a pretty story of an old priest, who works faithfully for his people and whose influence in the love affairs of the hero and heroine brings about a happy conclusion, even though seemingly it is the girl Bettina's own daring. The little volume will make a most pleasant hour's entertainment.

In a prettily bound little volume Stone & Kimball, Chicago, bring out a collection of the poems of Paul Verlaine. The work of translation was done by Gertrude Hall, and while it is next to impossible to preserve the spirit of songs sung in a foreign language, the task in this case is fairly accomplished. The illustrations are by the pencil of Henry McCarter.

The Zig-Zag Paths of Life is the title of a new American novel by Matilda Vance. The style is simple and direct, and the story though full of the tragedy of wrong-doing, carries with it its healthy lesson. The volume is handsomely printed and well bound, and will, no doubt, find many interested readers. It is published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

As Hot as Sahara.

The great Sahara Desert of Africa is regarded as the hottest region of the world. The vast plain which extends 2,000 miles from east to west, and 1,000 from north to south, has a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit in the hottest days of summer. This is about the temperature of the hot room in the Turkish bath. It is said that the caravans, which usually consist of from 500 to 2,000 camels, with their assistants, experience great suffering through the intense heat and the deprivation of water, as the distance between wells very often exceeds ten days. There are numerous instances on record where whole tribes have perished from thirst, as the wells and springs to which they had journeyed had been dried up by the heat. It would be impossible for any one but the acclimatized Moors, Berbers and Arabs to live, even for a day, in the heart of the rainless Sahara. In spite of the fact that the days are extremely hot, the nights are nearly always uncomfortably cold, and travelers are obliged to burden themselves with blankets in order to endure the change.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Proof.

"Mrs. Meekton's husband is a terribly shiftless man," said one of the members of the Society of Emancipated Women.

"How to you know?"

"His wife has gone around for days with a button off her vest and her suspender fastened by a hairpin."—Washington Star.

Rollicking Western Humor.

The Tourist—You seem to be proud of your family title.

The New York millionaire abroad (proudly)—Of course I am. I paid for it in good hard dollars.—Chicago Record.

Weak, Tired, Nervous

"I was feeling as miserable as any one could feel, tired all the time, many times unable to go out on the street even after I had started. If I went up one flight of stairs I felt as though I should fall. I had palpitation of the heart and suffered greatly with catarrh of the head and throat. I finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon felt better. I used the third bottle and I then felt like a different person. I hope others in ill health will do as I did. If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla and use it faithfully I am sure you will be benefited. I have also found Hood's Pills to be of great benefit and I highly recommend them." MISS JESSIE FREMONT, Saddle River, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

TRIBUTES IN STONE TO WAR HEROES.

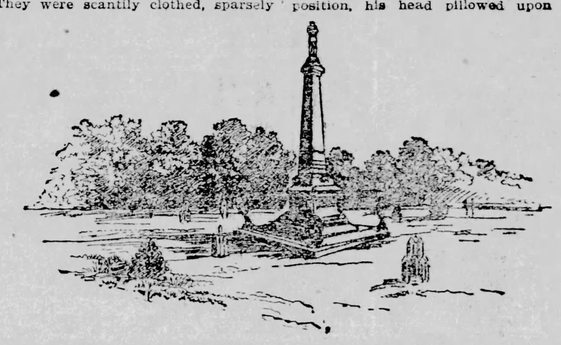
MANY MONUMENTS TO BE UNVEILED ON DECORATION DAY.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL IN CHICAGO.

Soldiers From Both North and South Will Participate.

On Thursday next the gallant old soldiers who fought and suffered the manifold horrors of war a generation ago will gather in many spots in all parts of the country and pay that tribute to their dead comrades which heroism always commands. Many monuments will be unveiled, some of them of national import, and many of them possessing only a local interest to an individual Grand Army post or to the people of a small but patriotic community.

The monument celebrations of Decoration day of 1895 will go down in history because of one unique feature. It is the unveiling of a monument in Chicago to the Confederate dead. The monument is a tribute to the 6,000 Confederate soldiers who died in the prison of Camp Douglas while suffering the confinement of war from 1861 to 1865. Forty-seven hundred of this vast army of the dead are known. The remaining 1,300 lie in unmarked graves. The records of them were burned. The mortality at Camp Douglas was terrifically large. The imprisoned men had been reared in the soft air of the balmy South, and the rigorous severity of the Northern winters killed them off by the scores. They were scantily clothed, sparsely



MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD TO BE UNVEILED AT CHICAGO, MAY 30, 1895.

fed and poorly sheltered, and with constitutions already shattered by the hardship of war, they were ill-prepared to withstand the additional severity of prison life.

The bodies of the dead Confederates were interred first in the burial ground of Camp Douglas prison, which was near the monument of the present Douglas Square. As the city grew objection was made to the graveyard, and shortly after the war's close the bodies were removed to a cemetery on the North Side. Here again the sleep of the dead was disturbed. Lincoln Park needed more room, and so the United States government made a provision for a lot in Oakwoods where the dead might finally rest. Nearly two years ago the graves had sunk so much that three feet of earth was filled in over them. The dead are buried in concentric trenches covering three acres in the southern end of the cemetery.

The idea of the monument originated with the ex-Confederates of Chicago, Camp 8, United Confederate Veterans. General John C. Underwood, a Southern officer in command of the Northern divisions of the U. C. V., was delegated in 1891 to raise funds for the monument. It started with $1,500 derived from a lecture by General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, and the citizens of Chicago gave $10,000.

It took three years to build the monument. It now stands forty feet from the ground to the top of the figure which surmounts it. The pedestal is of pearl granite from quarries at Constitution Hill, ner Atlanta. This granite is of very close grain and is susceptible of a brilliant polish. The monument was erected in July, 1893. Its lower base is fifteen feet six inches square, and upon it are laid three other bases. On the front of one of them, cut in raised and polished letters of bold outlines, are the words "Confederate Dead." The upper base is adorned with a series of rich mouldings and on the front of this stone is placed an enlarged model of the Confederate seal, worked in bronze, representing in relief a mounted soldier, General Washington, inclosed within a wreath wrought by entwining the foliage of products of the South. The die of the monument is made of three massive stones, the dimensions being six feet one inch square by two feet ten inches high, and has re-entering angles which are filled with groups of cluster columns terminating in richly carved Romanesque caps. Upon the north face is worked in incised letters upon a polished panel this inscription:

Erected
To the Memory of the
SIX THOUSAND SOUTHERN
SOLDIERS
Here Buried, Who Died in
Camp Douglas Prison,
1862-'65.
Confederate Dead.

On each of the other three sides is a bronze panel. These panels, as well as the statue on the pedestal, were cast in Chicago. That on the east represents the "Call to Arms" of the Confederacy. The west panel represents "A Veteran's Return Home." An unarmed Confederate soldier, leaning on a hickory staff, is gazing upon a dismantled cabin. On the south side is an allegorical representation of "A Soldier's Death Dream"—the end. It represents a Southern soldier dying in captivity.

An elaborate piece of masonry, ornamented with a carved wreath on each of its four gables, forms the crown to the die, and completes the pedestal. From it, as a base, springs the shaft two feet six inches square at the bottom and twelve feet in height, surmounted with a finely designed battlemented cap. This cap supports a bronze statue of a typical Confederate foot soldier, eight feet high. The statue is true to detail, even to the placing of the trousers within the socks to guard against dust—a common practice with Confederate infantry.

Relics of the war will be distributed around the monument. They are of considerable historic value, and were especially appropriated by Congress. The battery comprises four three-inch steel rifles which were captured by the Confederate army at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. They were manned by Confederates at Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Dalton, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta and Franklin. They were recaptured by the Federals after the battle of Nashville.

There will be a great gathering of ex-Confederate and Federal soldiers in Chicago to participate in the dedicatory exercises on May 30.

In the near future there will probably be begun in Washington the erection of a monument which will eclipse all similar structures of its kind in the country. It is the intention of a number of Grand Army posts at the great reunion at Louisville in September next to submit a resolution calling for the erection of a huge building emblematical of the war times in Washington, the cost to be defrayed by contributions from both North and South.

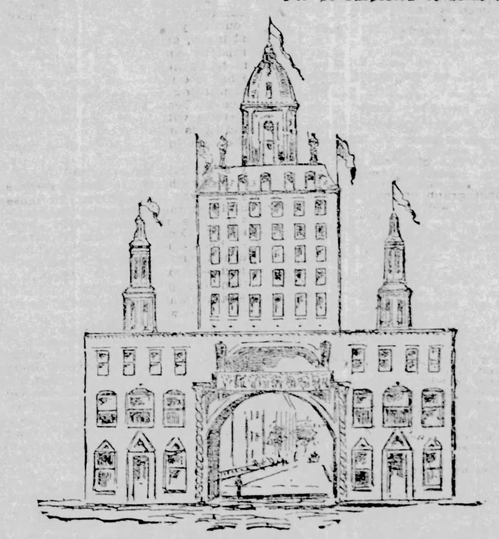
L. H. Hagerty, of St. Louis, chaplain-in-chief of the Grand Army, is the originator of the idea, and he has already had draughted a plan of the kind of building which should be erected. He proposes that the structure should be 20 stories or more in height, and should be built of steel and made absolutely fire-proof, so that it will stand the ravages of time for many generations to come. The rough plan calls for a wide archway in the center, the archway to span a street with the broad wings of the building extending on either side for an entire block. It is purposed to christen it the Union building, and to call the street that it spans Union street.

In the National cemetery of Baltimore, adjoining the beautiful private cemetery of Loudon park, a monument will soon be unveiled which is worthy of mention. It was the intention to have the unveiling take place on Decoration Day, but it will hardly be in readiness for that ceremony before September next.

The monument has been arranged for by the Woman's Relief Corps of Baltimore, of which Mrs. Ruth A. Cralcum is the president. There are branches of the Relief Corps in all parts of the country, and as it is an auxiliary of the G. A. R., the latter organization has done much toward furthering its work.

The Baltimore monument is to be dedicated to the unknown dead. The statue shows a soldier in recumbent position, his head pillowed upon a mound of stones. The base is a block of granite 7 feet 7 inches in length, 4 feet 1 inch in width, and 1 foot in height. The die block is 6 feet 5 inches long, 2 feet 11 inches wide, and 1 foot 8 inches in height. The figure of the soldier is life size, and the modeling promises to be very true.

On one side of the monument is this inscription: "To the Memory of the



PROPOSED UNION BUILDING AT WASHINGTON

Unknown Dead. Erected by the Women's Relief Corps of the Department of Maryland, Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic." The other side bears this inscription:

But there upon the sodden earth he bides
His last long sleep, to sleep unnamed, unknown,
Until God's angel on the whirlwind rides,
To claim His own.

One of the many almost forgotten heroes of the war is General, better known as "Uncle John" Sedgwick, of the Army of the Potomac. He lies buried in a little place called Cornwall Hollow, near Litchfield, Conn., and as a token of respect to the memory of the old soldier a special detail of four men who served in the Sixth Corps will go to the grave to strew it with flowers. The four men will be General Martin T. McMahon, ex-Congressman and Capt. George B. Fielder, Capt. H. C. Larawe and Col. Samuel Truesdell.

The placing of monuments on the battlefield of Chickamauga has occasioned considerable rivalry among the various states. Wisconsin has arraigned for the unveiling of two monuments, one being that dedicated to the 24th Wisconsin Infantry. It will be an obelisk rising to a height of thirteen feet above the base, upon the top of which is to stand a soldier figure in bronze and life-size, holding a musket and engaged in what was termed "ramming the cartridge." This is evidently in the midst of warm action and presents a striking appearance, high up on the block of granite. The appropriate historic inscriptions will appear upon the base. The Twenty-fourth and the First Wisconsin regiments were Milwaukee regiments and lost in the two days' fight at Chickamauga the following quota of men: Officers killed, 4; enlisted men killed, 22; commissioned officers wounded, 8; enlisted men wounded, 85; commissioned officers missing, 4, and enlisted men missing, 80; making a total killed, wounded and missing of 201 from those regiments.

MONUMENT ERECTED BY BALTIMORE

Caution.

Bank Cashier—The receiving teller is leading a double life.

Bank President—Reduce his salary a half. One life is enough for a teller.—Detroit Tribune.

—To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE NEW-STYLE HAND.

Since we got rich and stylish, and took to traveling round,
My wife she calls me "mister"—can't say I like the sound—
And my girls no longer call me "Pa," 'tis "dear papa" these days;
They're all of them all taken up with high falutin' ways,
I put up with a lot of things, but I'm blessed if I can stand
To see wife beginning now to write this new style hand.
It's well enough for Helen and for Clara I suppose;
They learned the horse-track fashion while still they wore short clothes,
But their ma was brought up different, and it's tough, I do declare,
To see her learning the girl's ways, now she has got gray hair!

Ma always took to writing, and her handwrite's been my joy
Since ever we was boy and girl way out in Illinois,
When we was children long ago out in that prairie school
Run in the good old-fashioned way with rod and dunce's stool;
She used to write her name and mine and link 'em like our fate,
Before she learned the capitals, upon her little slate.
And after we grew up and I went off to war, how sweet
The letters that I used to get in her handwrite, small and neat.
She used to call me "noble" and a "hero of the land,"
And say she'd always love me, in a fine Spencerian hand!

And once she wrote some poetry, real poetry with rhymes—
I've got it yet, you just can bet—about the old war times;
It's in her prettiest running hand—not all sprawled out and straight,
Like that confounded "angular" she's taken to of late.
I 'spose I'm an old fogy, but I declare to-day
There's scarcely any sum you'd name I wouldn't gladly pay
If we hadn't got so stylish and moved here to New York,
Where you have to eat each kind of food with a different kind of fork;
If we still lived where we used to live (Lord how the bob'links sung!)
If my wife would write as she used to write, when she and I was young!
—Boston Transcript.

CHINESE MARTINETS.

A Curious Study for Philanthropists in the Celestial Empire.

If a man falls dead in the street, where he falls there he will remain until the knowledge of his death reaches the officials in some round-about manner, for to go to see if anything could be done, or to move the body to a sheltered spot, would at once implicate the too enthusiastic philanthropist. So, too, may one look in vain for aid in the case of personal injury, even in one's own house; the mere sight of blood from a cut finger often serving to precipitate all the servants to their own quarters below stairs, where they remain in a stolid, unconcerned manner, behaving in the way least likely to cause suspicion to rest upon themselves in the event of the injury's proving fatal.

It is stated that when the history of the present dynasty comes to be written, it will be recorded that when the Emperor Chia Ch'ing was attacked by conspirators while passing in his chair through the streets of the capital, only six persons out of the large crowds present came forward to help their sovereign in the moment of danger. If so little altruism is shown to the "son of heaven," it may be imagined how much is likely to be displayed toward an ordinary human being. To be seen near a man recently dead renders a Chinaman liable to be suspected of some interest in his death, and suspicion means official exaction; for lying in China is an art and not a sin, in spite of the Confucian classics. Thus we see that, just as the wire runs throughout the body of the clay images hawked in Chinese streets, connecting each limb to the body, so does there run throughout the body corporate of the Chinese people the fixed principle of mutual fear and distrust, of terror of their rulers, and indifference to all around them.—Fortnightly Review.

Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, Coming to Kansas.

Dr. R. C. Flower's many friends and patients will be glad to know that he has arranged to visit professionally the following places in Kansas:

Wichita, Hotel Carey, Monday, June 3.

Topeka, Hotel Throop, Tuesday, June 4.

Kansas City, Kansas, Ryan House, Wednesday, June 5.

This will be a great opportunity for those who are sick or suffering to see this eminent specialist close to their home.

The Chicago Times says: "Dr. R. C. Flower, in the treatment and cure of chronic diseases, has no equal in the world; that the great gatherings of the sick to see him at the Flower Medical Co.'s Branch Offices in Chicago, from all parts of the West and Northwest, remind one of the old-time camp-meeting. Dr. Flower's ability to diagnose any one's trouble or disease, without asking a question and without being told anything, makes him absolutely master of his profession." His stopping places are so distributed as to make it easy for the sick to reach him at any of the dates given above.

Couldn't Make Her Smile.

Despite the fact that the audience is not easily seen by the actor, he can, by holding a fan or a book between the blinding lights and his eyes, distinguish friends in the audience, and, like David Garrick, play to one face among the many uplifted to the stage. A popular comedian says that when an audience is dead and cold and he begins to get disconcerted, he selects a cross-eyed man or woman, and begins to play to him or her with all his energy.

"It is harder to make a cross-eyed person laugh than a straight-eyed one," he explains, "and when I see the smiles coming on a man's face while the eyes are looking everywhere but at me, I know that I am a success. One night I was taken in, though. I played to a woman crossed in both eyes, and she squinted besides. From the rise of the curtain to its fall I sought by every power I possessed to extort one smile from that woman. She sat bolt upright like a corpse and was as chilly as one, never smiling during the whole performance. I afterward found she was deaf and dumb and was in the charge of a keeper for a mind unbalanced."—Buffalo Times.

Realistic Sounds.

An old farmer was in a store, and some one asked him to listen to a phonograph that was on exhibition there. The operator handed him the ear tubes, placed them in position, and immediately began the machine. The farmer dropped the tubes, saying:

"Gosh! there comes a brass band, and I left them mules untied."—Northwest Magazine.

IN DESPAIR.

A PEN PICTURE.

Many Women Will Recognize It.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

"Oh, I am so nervous! No one ever suffered as I do! There isn't a well inch in my whole body! I honestly think my lungs are diseased, my chest pains me so; but I've no cough. I'm so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion horribly. Then I have palpitation, and my heart hurts me. How I am losing flesh! and this headache nearly kills me; and the backache—Heavens! I had hysterics yesterday. There is a weight in the lower part of my bowels, bearing down all the time; and there are pains in my groins and thighs. I can't sleep, walk, or sit. I'm diseased all over. The doctor? Oh! he tells me to keep quiet. Such mockery!

Inflammatory and ulcerative conditions at the neck of the womb can produce all the above symptoms in the same person. In fact, there is hardly a part of the body that can escape those sympathetic pains and aches.

No woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is positively no need of it.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound acts promptly and thoroughly in such cases; strengthens the muscles of the womb, heals all inflammation, and restores that unruly organ to its normal condition. Druggists are selling carloads of it. Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., will gladly and freely answer all letters asking for advice.

Mrs. E. Bishop, 787 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., suffered all the above described horrors. Now she is well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her. Write her about it.

JUST LOOK AT THEIR FEET, GIRLS.

A New York Miss Who Has a Way of Disconcerting Admirers.

Why is it that the average fop who is bent upon flirtation with a woman whom he does not know can be completely disarmed and put hopelessly out of countenance in about three seconds if the woman simply fixes her stony gaze upon his feet?

I had never observed this interesting fact until I chanced to overhear a conversation between two unusually attractive young women, both of whom I was acquainted with, says a writer in the New York Herald. The younger of the two was a pretty little Quaker miss from Philadelphia. The other was the New York girl whom she was visiting. They had been out shopping, and on the way home in an "L" road car, it seems, one of the male type commonly known as "Johnnies," struck with the Priscilla like freshness of the Quaker maiden's beauty, had offended her Rittenhouse square sense of propriety by the rapturous glances which he lavished upon her from his seat opposite, all the way from Twenty-third street to One Hundred and Fourth street.

"Are all New York men like that?" asked the Philadelphia Priscilla of the New York Diana, with delicious Philadelphia naivete. This was after they had reached the security of the New York girl's drawing room. "What can a girl do when a man ogles her like that?"

"Do?" echoed the New York girl, in the superior wisdom of her 23 years. "I'll tell you what I do, and I seldom fail in it to fall. When a man acts like that and you want him to stop it, just call up your most stony glare and fix your eyes upon his feet with a sort of surprised 'Did you ever?' expression of the face, and if he doesn't stop annoying you in three seconds it will be because he is awfully short sighted."

I saw the New York girl put her theory into practice a few days later. It worked wonderfully. The youth's footgear was immaculate. His patent leathers fitted him to perfection, and they were polished in the highest style of the art. His trousers were properly creased and not pulled up too high. No portion of his hosiery was visible. He did not turn his toes in, nor was there anything else physically or artistically abnormal in his appearance. And yet the moment that stony glare was fixed upon his feet, with just the faintest suspicion of a amused twinkle in the girl's eye, that youth's confidence collapsed. He shifted his position, fidgeted nervously, fumbled his cane, and finally yielded to the inevitable and deliberately leaned over and surveyed his feet uneasily. Then he straightened up with an apparent sense of relief, but after that he kept his eyes off the New York girl, as a man might who has been hypnotized and doesn't want it to occur again.

The youth did not know that he was being observed by one of his own sex, as we had been obliged to occupy seats on opposite sides of the car and he had entered the train afterward.

"I can do it every time," said the New York girl, with a toss of her opera bonnet, as we left the train at Thirty-third street, "and so can lots of girls. Why is it? I don't know exactly, but I suppose they think there's something wrong—shoelace untied, patent leathers muddy or split or something of that kind. Anyway the method is simple and generally effective, and it doesn't attract the attention of others, as a rule. I know plenty of girls who always treat them that way."

Tourists' Gold in Italy.

At the British embassy to the king of Italy, a calculation was made some time ago of the amount of gold brought by travelers into Italy every year. By far the largest number of these travelers come from England and the United States. The calculations made it evident that no less than £20,000,000 or $100,000,000 are brought into this country and left here by these travelers. In the scantiest years that sum has not been less than £16,000,000, while on other occasions it has risen to £22,000,000. Mr. Stamer, a writer on Italy, relates that an old woman in Sorrento once told him that the people in England had no sun, because the English had told her, time and time again, that it was not for society they had come to Italy but to see the sun. Besides, all the English were fair and ruddy. If they had had a sun, why were they not all sunburnt? If they did get sunshine in Italy, as they do, they pay very sweetly for it.—Rome Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.

A Very Honest View.

The young man whose salary wasn't long enough by several lengths to reach all the points he wanted it to, had been harassed that morning by numerous persons with bills and bills and bills. About noon, at which time he had lost count of them, his landlady's husband appeared with another for the past month's provender.

"What's this?" he asked, displaying considerable annoyance.

"Your board bill for the month."

"Well, I'll not pay it," he exclaimed, throwing it on his desk. "To all you people I think I have no use for money except to pay bills with?" and he invited the caller to get out.—Detroit Free Press.

This Without Warning.

"I think," said the Cheerful Idiot, "that it will be long before the fellow who was arrested for the murder of that man Saturday will be convicted."

"Do you think he is going to confess?" asked the landlady.

"Oh, no," said the Cheerful Idiot; "I base my idea on the fact that the confinement in prison may tell on him."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Strangles.

G. W., Wisconsin:—The indications are that your horse has a disease known as strangles, so-called because an abscess forms—usually between the branches of the lower jaw, and so encroaches upon the upper part of the throat that it often threatens to strangle the animal. It is a disease that usually attacks colts, but it is not confined to animals of any age. Like eruptive forms generally it has an incubative stage, then a second stage of fever, after which the eruption appears. Till near the close of the incubation stage there is no symptom of indisposition. The second stage is ushered in by shivering and great dullness, rising temperature and other symptoms of fever. Symptoms of catarrh are noticeable, and from three to six days after this catarrhal symptoms commence the abscess between the jaws appears, and the temperature falls from two to three degrees. To treat the animal no medicine is required, unless the bowels become constipated. Green food may be given freely, which should be placed on the ground, so that the nasal discharge may escape. There should be no more food given than the animal will clean up well, and the place where fed should be kept very clean. The swelling between the jaws must be encouraged to ripen as quickly as possible, as delay may leave the animal a roarer or whistler. A linseed meal poultice should be applied warm and changed every four hours. The moment fluctuation can be felt, the abscess should be opened with a sharp knife, the abscess evacuated and the forefinger introduced to break up the interior of the abscess. Fomentations should be applied occasionally after evacuation, the parts kept clean and free from discharge, and the incision kept well open by occasionally inserting the finger. Should any weakness manifest itself at any time nourishing liquid food should be given every three hours. Sometimes the abscess is slow to point or fluctuate. In this case a poultice will not have as quick an effect as a dry blister. A peculiarity of this disease is that in some cases the animal is unthrifty, hide-bound, dull, and easily chilled before positive signs of the disease are seen. This may last for weeks or for months, and is designated as "breeding strangles." After healthy granulations begin in the track of the abscess, that which is called proud flesh may appear on the outer surface. These spots should be touched with a stick of lunar caustic. There may be induration or hardening of the glands of the neck not connected with strangles. In a case of this kind the part may be rubbed with iodine 1-4 oz., soap liniment 8 ozs. Convalescence after an attack of strangles is at times slow; so that it is absolutely necessary to give careful nursing until entire recovery results.

Pear Tree Blight.

W. A. L., Indiana: The pear is affected by a number of fungi and insects. In black knot the best remedy is to cut away all limbs affected, and if a tree is very badly affected it is almost impossible to save it. This disease is spread from one tree to another. That which is familiarly known as pear blight, the fruit is discolored by a fungus, and the leaves drop prematurely from the same cause. For leaf blight, scab, psylla and codling moth, the treatment is: As the buds begin to swell, spray with copper sulphate solution, made as follows: Copper sulphate, 1 lb; water, 15 gallons. Dissolve the copper sulphate in the water, which it is ready for use. This should never be applied to foliage, but must be used before the buds break. Just before the blossoms open, spray with Bordeaux mixture, made in this way: Copper sulphate, 6lbs; quick lime, 4 lbs; water, 40 gallons. Dissolve the copper sulphate by putting it through a bag of coarse cloth and hanging this in a vessel holding at least four gallons, so that it is just covered by the water. Use an earthen or wooden vessel. Slake the lime in a small quantity of water; then mix the two and add water enough to make 40 gallons. It is then ready for use. Use when the blossoms have fallen; after 14 days use again, and in 15 to 20 days spray once more. If found necessary, use the Bordeaux mixture again. Experiments made with the above mixture have given full leaf and vitality to pear trees, while other trees near by were without leaves, and the twigs were so injured that they wilted and dropped.

The San Jose Scale.

R. T. F., West Virginia: The Rural New Yorker has this regarding the destruction of the San Jose scale, from a correspondent: For many years past we have been using linseed oil in our greenhouse for the destruction of scale insects very similar to the San Jose scale, that attack cacti, English ivies, privet, etc., and have found it wholly effective. We have also used it with success for the destruction of the oyster-shell scale attacking apple and pear trees, the ash, thorn and willow. This spring we have made an emulsion with it, similar to the kerosene emulsion, and as far as we can now judge it is equally as effectual as the clear linseed oil used with a brush. The following is the formula used: One-half pound common hard soap dissolved in boiling water; one gallon linseed oil, thoroughly mixed and churned with the dissolved soap until the paste-like emulsion is formed. Dilute to 12 and 24 gallons. The present indications are that this will be destructive to the oyster-shell scale, to the elm-bark louse, and some other insects, and we hope that some one will make a thorough trial of it for the San Jose scale. The San Jose scale has already been found in Massachusetts in one or two places, and we shall try the remedy as soon as possible. The linseed oil makes an emulsion of a much more close character, and possibly may require more dilution than the kerosene emulsion, to prevent injury to foliage of some trees, though, as far as tested, no injury has resulted. We would urge upon all who have the San Jose scale to make a careful trial of this remedy.

Received.

The twelfth annual report of the board of control of the state agricultural station at Amherst, Mass. This is a work of 480 pages and covers a wide field of investigation. The feeding and field experiments and special work in the chemical laboratory are exhaustive. The solving of problems in various departments so as to enable the agriculturist to carry on his work more intelligently and successfully has been so complete that no one who studies it can fail to read it and that will be helpful as well as profitable. Massachusetts stands at the head of the list in bringing practical results from the science of agriculture. With such capable gentlemen as C. A. Goessman, Ph. D., L. L. D., director and chemist; J. B. Lindsay, Ph. D., associate chemist (feeding department), and assistants

The Sunday School.

DR. TALMAGE'S ANNUAL SERMON IN MEMORIAL CHURCH.

"There Shall Not Any Man be Able to Stand Before Thee All the Days of Thy Life."

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 27.— the Embury Memorial church, a large audience assembled Sunday evening to listen to the annual sermon of Chaplain T. DeWitt Talmage, of the Thirteenth Rebiment, N. G. S. N. Y. The members of the regiment occupied the body of the church. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject: "The Greatest Soldier of all Time," the text being Joshua 1, 5: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "'Forward march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to heaven, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken, and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument, and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude, rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing thes rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall—not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, these miserable men are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled; he thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet, he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall. It isn't philosophy. And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted, and with the forefinger of the right hand in the forefinger of the left hand arguing it all out and showing it was not possible that such a cause should produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have gotten many votes. Joshua's stock was down. The second day, the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day and a failure; sixth day and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, and then the seven priests or priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

There is only one thing more to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves out, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Josua feels that the hour is come, and he cries out to his host: "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry: "Down, Jericho, down Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under. She falls. Crash! go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces; the air is blackened with dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a voice saying: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai; it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeers.

The Northern Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Anybody that ever read the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look at the church of God on the retreat. The Bornesian cannibals ate up Munson, the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people—"Fall back, oh church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Bornesian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say, "Fall back, oh church of God! Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say, "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!" Friends of God have never any right to fall back.

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says, "Oh, Lord God, whoever has brought all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hands of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would to God we had been contented and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

I am very much pained to said that. Before it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not be an example to us; but I find he is a man, he is only a man. Just as some times you find a man under severe opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down and sighing about everything being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust.

So I come and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He shakes him up. Wherefore llest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now, let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends a comparatively small battalion up in front to the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. This battalion in strategem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of this scattered, seemingly scattered battalion, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear towards the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying battalion of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Islaeritish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory; and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul: "There shall not be any man able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, March!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send word: "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say: "Joshua; that is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting, and they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat, Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads retreat, the catapults of the sky pour a voley of hailstones into the valley.

"Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory." But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Putting one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds, he cries: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." And they stood still. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays, or by the stopping of the whole planetary system, I do not know, and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes, the same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out and battle for God, and the truth, and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged, and prolonged, and prolonged.

John Summerfield was a consumptive Methodist. He looked fearfully white, I am told, as he stood in old Sands street church, in this city, preaching Christ, and when he stood on the anniversary platform in New York pleading for the Bible until unusual and unowmkn glories rolled forth from that book. When he was dying, his pillow was brushed with the wings of the angel from the skies, the messenger that God sent down. Did John Summerfield's day end? Oh, no. He lives on in his burning utterances in behalf of the Christian church. The sun stood still.

Robert McCheyne was a consumptive Presbyterian. It was said when he preached he coughed so it seemed as if he would preach nearly. His name is fragrant in all Christendom, that name mightier to-day than was ever his living presence. He lived to preach the gospel in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Dundee, but he went away very early. He preached himself into the grave. Has Robert McCheyne's sun set? Oh, no! His dying delirium was filled with prayer, and when he lifted his hand to pronounce the benediction upon his family, and the benediction upon his country, he seemed to say: "I cannot die now; I want to live on and on, I want to start a new influence for the church that will never cease. I am only thirty years of age. Sun of my Christian ministry stand still over Scotland." And it stood still.

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is a hundred and ten years old. Washington went down the Potomac, and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After a hundred and ten years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth; his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world hearse—the King of Terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do, old men tell what they have done.

And as you have heard a grandfather, or a great-grandfather, seated by the evening fire full of rheumatism, in Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight, and show how the old battles were won —so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept his promise all the way through—the promise of the text. As he lies there he tells the story one, two, or three times—you have heard it, perhaps, half a dozen or two or three times over—and he answers: "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying patient will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel, or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A dying patient cannot be reckless or thoughtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them at the bedside of death we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will not part, we cannot part. Jehovah Jireh, we take thee at thy promise: "I will be a God to thee and thy send after thee."

Dead! the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast which tore Jerisho fell. Fold the arms that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head of it shall be the sun that stood still up in Gibeon, and for the foot, the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. T. ALTMAN, Nashville, Tenn., says: "I find it a most valuable agent in atonic dyspepsia and nervous exhaustion occurring in active brain workers."

Precocious Little Ones.

"I wish that some one," remarked a young mother, "would tell me why a child's mind is instinctively and infallibly attracted to the naughty rather than to the nice. A year or so ago I took Ethel and Harold to see the play of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' I rashly fancied that the example of the little hero's gentleness and goodness would have a fine effect upon my own youngsters.

"The day after the performance I overheard Ethel and Harold saying, 'Bully for you,' and 'Cheese it, Cully,' with an alarming ease and frequency. 'Where did you ever hear such expressions?' I cried, only to receive the answer: 'Why, at 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' Don't you remember, mamma? Dick, the bootblack talked like that.'"—Boston Herald.

Narrow Minded.

A rich old farmer, who had the reputation of being "as close as the bark to a tree," had sent his only son to a country academy to be educated.

"You shouldn't have sent him there!" remonstrated a friend.

"What's the matter with the place?" asked the old man testily.

"It's too little and poor. You ought to send him to one of the big colleges and give him a liberal education."

"Liberal! Liberal!" shrieked the farmer, excitedly; "why, man ain't it liberal enough when I allow him $25 a month for his schooling and living expenses?"—Youth's Companion

A Peculiar Announcement.

Two menageries recently arrived at Bologna, one of which was under the management of Sig. B——, and the other under his wife, traveling respectively on their own account. Here they decided to join their forces, and the fact was announced on the bills as follows:

"Owing to the arrival of my wife my collection of ferocious animals is considerably augmented."

No Comfort There.

Mad Subscriber—My name's Smith, sir!

Editor (coolly)—Yes, I've heard it before; three Smiths hung for horse stealing in 1860.

Mad Subscriber— You're a liar, sir! All my family died in their beds.

Editor—Ah, I see; shot 'em before they had a chance to escape!—Atlanta Constitution.

A Genuine British Joke.

Anxious Musician (in a whisper to Mrs. Lyon Hunter's butler)—Where's my 'cello.

Butler (in stentorian tones, to the room—Signor Weresmicello.—Punch.

FITS CURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)

Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

Why Not

make the baby fat? For the thin baby is delicate, and is not half so cunning.

Give the thin baby Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

Scott's Emulsion is as easy a food as milk. It is much more effective in making thin babies fat, and they like it.

If all the babies that have been made fat and chubby and well by Scott's Emulsion could only tell their story to the mothers of other sickly babies!

There wouldn't be enough to go round.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

A YUCCA PLANT IN BLOOM.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM'S BIG SPECIMEN.

Still Healthy, Although It Has Been Out of the Earth Three Months.

A fine specimen of one of the largest and least common of the yuccas, or Spanish bayonet plants, which was received at the American Museum of Natural History recently, was in full bloom the other day and was carried outside the building to have its photograph taken, says the New York Sun.

Several varieties of the yucca plant are well known even as far north as here, for they are hardy enough to withstand most of our winters and are used

THE BIG YUCCA PLANT IN BLOOM.

as centrepieces for ornamental flower beds, or are planted alone in lawns. They bear the various common names of Spanish bayonet, Adam's needle, and bear grass.

They are all marked by their straight, still, and narrow spike leaves, almost the exact shape of an old-fashioned bayonet. These leaves are anything but pleasant to run against, for, besides their sharp stubborn points, they are armed along their ribs and edges with sharp spines. These leaves grow to be from 3 1-2 to 4 feet long. The bloom with its multitude of white flowers resembles a great plume of white feathers. The flower stalks grow from buds at the crown of the plant and shoot up rapidly.

The great yucca, now at the American Museum of Natural History, has a stalk 18 inches in diameter at the roots, and is about 12 feet tall. Above this is a crown of live green leaves which carries the plant 3 feet higher up, and above this is the bloom on the top of which is 18 feet from the ground. The structure of the stalk is peculiar. There is a section of one in the forestry room of the museum. It shows simply a bundle of hard dry fibres, very open and compressible.

When the yucca is dry it will weigh only about 300 or 400 pounds. Now it weighs about 1,500 pounds. The stalk is a great storehouse of water, and upon this the plant thrives during long dry spells.

This plant has been out of the earth for three months, and yet it is still vigorous and healthy. When it arrived here in New York, the flower spike was just starting. It grew at the rate of six inches a day until it attained its present length of about six feet, and a thickness of nearly four inches at the lower part. The blossoms were in a fine condition yesterday, and will remain beautiful for some time.

After the photograph of the tree was taken the yucca was set up at the southern end of the forestry hall, on the lower floor of the museum, its top nearly touches the ceiling of the room. When the tree has dried up and is dead it will be cut into the form in which the other specimens in that hall have been cut, and it will be preserved with them. The wood has no value, but the bruised roots of the yucca are used in Mexico and as far north as Utah as a soap, under the name of amole.

A Humorous Fact

About Hood's Sarsaparilla—it expels bad humor and creates good humor. A bottle for blood is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights and it always victorious in expelling foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other blood diseases.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the bowels and liver. 25c

LESSONS AT MIDNIGHT.

Pianist Paderewski Teaches From 11 P. M. Until 1 A. M.

In reply to the question, "How does Paderewski give a lesson?" Mlle. Szumowska, for five years his pupil, said:

"The lessons, which were given at a friend's house, generally began at 11 o'clock at night, and frequently lasted until 1 in the morning. He has a great deal to do and works very hard. He is so kind, but sometimes so tired that one cannot look at him. Sometimes he looks so tired that I do not want him to play, but he insists, and after a little while seems fresh again. As a teacher he is very kind, but very exacting in regard to the slightest things. He sits at a second piano, and, as a rule, walks about the room little. I usually play first there, he then makes remarks, and finally he is the composition himself. His time not spent in traveling is passed in Paris, where he has his apartments. I am his only regular pupil and have been for five years. He gives a few lessons to different pianists from time to time—people who have been recommended to him. I had lessons from him in Poland when I was a little girl. His lessons are generally very long—two hours. It always depended upon his presence in the city, and when I had anything prepared to play for them to be arranged. My first appearance was made in the Salle Erard in Paris. Paderewski was there sitting behind the curtains of the box. I think he was more nervous than I was. I have played in Paris, London, various English towns, and in Poland. In Poland they were especially good to me, for they have strong appreciation of their own artists. I am part of a Polish room for the winter, and then probably to Poland. I shall return to America in the autumn."—Chicago Tribune.

Enough to Anger a Saint.

The old man, muffled to the ears, was one day last February, shoveling away the snow in Harlem. The pitiless storm howled dismally through his whiskers, and he was as angry as any man in Christendom.

"My dear," came a voice from the upper window of the next house.

"Bosh!" he shrieked back. "Let me alone; I'm busy!" and he went on shoveling, and down slammed the window.

Half an hour the same voice attracted him from the same window, in earnest, pleading tones:

"My dear!"

"Well, what on earth do you want?" he shouted. "Is the house on fire?"

"No, John," wailed the voice, "the house is all right, but you're on the wrong pavement. It's our neighbor's pavement you are cleaning, and they know him and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, Was not our heart burning within us, while he spake to us in the way (vs. 31, 32). When our eyes are opened to the opportunities and privileges we have had, but which we failed to recognize as they were passing, we wonder that we could have been so blind, and we recall the partial sense we had of what might have been our more consciously. It is so when a dear one has vanished out of sight, leaving memories to glow and grow, and to make our hearts ache with regrets that we did not more fully appreciate what was ours for the time being. How much better it would be if we had our eyes open to the blessings of the present, rather than to glad memories of the past and to bright hopes of the future!—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Talmage's Sermon.

LESSON X., JUNE 9, 1895. The Walk to Emmaus.

Golden Text: He opened to us the Scripture.—Luke 24:32.

LESSON TEXT. (Luke 24: 13-32.)

13 And behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs,

14. And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

15. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

16. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

17. And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?

18. And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?

19. And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people:

20. And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him.

21. But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel; and beside all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done.

22. Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre;

23. And when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they also seen a vision of angles which said that he was alive.

24. And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulchre, and found it even so as the women had said, but him they saw not.

25. Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken:

26. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?

27. And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.

28. And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went; and he made as though he would have gone further.

29. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

30. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them.

31. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

32. And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?

Illustrative Applications.

Two of them were going that very day to a village named Emmaus (v. 13). Bible scholars are not agreed as to where Emmaus was, but Bible readers need not be in doubt about what happened to the two disciples who were going to Emmaus. In such a case as this the incident is more than the locality. A place that we never heard of before, and that we see never to visit again, may be ever memorable in our hearts because of the nearness of our Savior as we went thither or came thence. It were far better for us to take home this lesson about the disciples at Emmaus than to puzzle over the precise location of Emmaus.

While they communed and questioned together, . . . Jesus himself drew near, and went with them (v. 15). Jesus is nearer to many a disciple of his than that disciple realizes. He is nearer to each and all than we suppose. We may think that he is far from us; we may even wish that he was near us; yet all the while he may be by our very side, having a personal interest in us, and being ready to give us sympathy and help. Especially is he sure to be near us if we talk with each other about him. If two disciples are communing and questioning with reference to Jesus, there is always a third person with them in Jesus himself; and he is more interested in them than they are in themselves or in each other.

They stood still, looking sad (v. 17). It was the brightest day in the world's history. It was the best time for those two disciples they had ever known,—a better time than they had ever dreamed of. Yet they were discouraged and heavy-hearted because things had turned out so different from their short-sighted expectations. How like Christian disciples we are, disciples that we are—that was! Heaviness of heart, sadness, and worry, are more often because of something that we have reason to rejoice in, than because of any reason for real trouble. It would seem as if God might have sadness himself because his children are so unwilling to trust him while they are yet called to walk by faith instead of by sight. Let us think of those two sadhearted disciples when their Savior had risen from the grave to save them and be nearer than they were, or than we have been.

We hoped that it was he which should redeem Israel (v. 21). How much of distrust is expressed in the form of injured faith: "I did think that God would answer my prayer"! "For a while I counted my child entirely safe in the Lord's hands." "Until now I supposed that a blessing was in store for my loved ones." "I trusted for a long time that God would take care of me." And how common it is to think of a blessing as if very moment it reaches us! When it comes we shrink back from it, because we had looked for it in another form. We ask for God to bless our nation. We think of natinal blessings in the line of peace and health, and abundant harvests, and quickened business activities. When we have war and pestilence and famine and financial distress, it is hard to feel that God is answering our prayers for a blessing to the fullest—as he doubtless is. If God gives to us individually enjoyment and prosperity, we feel sure that he is blessing us; but when he calls us to privation and sorrow, we wonder why he has so disappointed us. Many times we are sad over that which ought to fill our hearts with rejoicing—and which if our eyes were not holden so that we failed to recognize our present Lord.

He interpreted to them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself (v. 27). He who fails to see that all the Scriptures are rich with references to Christ the Redeemer of the lost, has no understanding of the distinctive peculiarity of the Bible. It is not the history, the science, or the poetry of the Bible; not its declarations of God's greatness; not its teachings of morality; not its pictures of the eternal future—that mark the Bible's preeminence over all the sacred books of the ages; but it is the exhibit in prophecy and in history of Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners. Jesus opened this truth to his disciples as he walked with them toward Emmaus. His promise to all his followers is, that the Holy Ghost shall similarly take the truth concerning himself, and show it unto them. Lord open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things of Christ out of all thy law!

Their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, Was not our heart burning within us, while he spake to us in the way (vs. 31, 32). When our eyes are opened to the opportunities and privileges we have had, but which we failed to recognize as they were passing, we wonder that we could have been so blind, and we recall the partial sense we had of what might have been our more consciously. It is so when a dear one has vanished out of sight, leaving memories to glow and grow, and to make our hearts ache with regrets that we did not more fully appreciate what was ours for the time being. How much better it would be if we had our eyes open to the blessings of the present, rather than to glad memories of the past and to bright hopes of the future!—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

BRILLIANTS.

Love is a smoke raised with a fume of sighs;
Being fraged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet;
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
—Shakespeare.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.
—Wordsworth.

Rose, on this terrace fifty years ago,
When I was in my June, you in your May,
Two girls, "My Rose," set all your face aglow,
And now that I am white, and you are gray,
That blush of fifty years ago, my dear,
Blooms in the past, but close to me today
As this red rose, which in our terrace here
Glows in the blue of fifty miles away.
—Tennyson.

Love's spring was fair, love's summer brave and bland,
But through love's autumn mist I view the land,
The land of deathless summers yet to be;
There, I beheld thee, young again and bright,
In a great flood of rare transfiguring light,
Put there, as here, thou smilest, Love, on me!
—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

THE RED, RED ROSE.

My love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I.
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
And fare thee well, my only Luve!
And fare thee well awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Though 'twere ten thousand mile!
—Burns.

A maiden dimpled, dainty, fair,
With hazel eyes and crumpled hair,
Was asked what was the height of bliss.
She promptly answered, "'Tis a kiss,
Provided that the kissers won't
Neglect teeth-cleansing SOZODONT."

CUPID AND THE CAMERA.

Photographs Get Mixed Up; Correspondence; Love; the Ring.

This is a photographer's story:

"About a year ago a young man employed in a railroad office came in and had his picture taken.

"About the same time a beautiful woman from an interior town came in and had hers taken also; both left the order, desiring me to send them to their addresses as soon as finished.

"In the book my clerk put the initial of the first name and wrote the surname in full.

"It happened they both had the same last name; the young man's name was John H——, and the young woman's Julia H——. When the pictures were mailed there was a mistake, the young man getting the young woman's pictures, and vice versa.

"Now, out of this incident quite a love affair has grown, the young people having fallen in love with one another at sight of the pictures.

"They corresponded for several months.

"Some time ago the young man bought a solitaire diamond ring, and now he has ordered his wedding suit.

"That is what I call a first-class romance," said the photographer to a Louisville Courier-Journal reporter.

The best of it all is that the couple are well suited in every respect and are of good families."

Far Worse.

She—It must be terrible for a man when he is married to have to ask his wife for money.

He—There is something far worse.

She—What is that?

He—Suppose she hasn't any to give him?—Detroit Free Press.

The Reason Given.

Mrs. Snaggs—John, dear, what is the "joker" in euchre?

Mr. Snaggs—It is the extra card in the euchre deck, and it beats the right and left bowers.

"That's funny."

"Yes; that is why it is called the joker."—Pitsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Slight Mistake.

"They've raked in a pretty rough looking lot this morning, haven't they?" observed the stranger who had dropped in at the police station.

"You are looking at the wrong gang," said the reporter to whom he had spoken. "Those are not the prisoners, they are the lawyers."—Pearson's Weekly.

Good Advice.

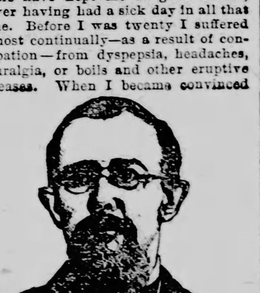
When a man's good deeds speak for themselves he should not allow his voice to drown them.—Puck.

NOT A SICK DAY For Over Thirty Years!

RESULT OF USING

AYER'S PILLS

"Ayer's Cathartic Pills for over thirty years have kept me in good health, never having had a sick day in all that time. Before I was twenty I suffered almost continually—as a result of constipation—from dyspepsia, headaches, neuralgia, or boils and other eruptive diseases. When I became convinced



that nine-tenths of my troubles were caused by constipation, I began the use of Ayer's Pills, with the most satisfactory results, never having a single attack that did not readily yield to this remedy. My wife, who had been an invalid for years, also began to use Ayer's Pills, and her health was quickly restored. With my children I had noticed that nearly all their ailments were preceded by constipation, and I soon had the pleasure of knowing that with children as with parents, Ayer's Pills, if taken in season, avert all danger of sickness."—H. Wettstein, Byron, Ill.

AYER'S PILLS

Highest Honors at World's Fair.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Strengthens the System.

MONEY MADE AT HOME.

Are you honest, sober, industrious?—If so address with 2c. stamp, W. C. Wilson, Box 1000, Detroit, Mich., who will explain a business that will pay you from $3 to $5 per day in any locality. You need not be away from home overnight. You can make it profitably devoting your evenings only to the business. Many are doing well at it the whole time. No one who is willing to work fails to make money rapidly. You are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Capital not needed. We start you. Everything new. Header sent free. Big pay sure for workers. Don't delay. Write to-day.

CHIMMIE FADDEN ON A WHEEL.

A Remarkable Occurrence Which Suggests New Virtues.

"Say, Mr. Paul ain't no worse. He started out on me de odder day like I taut I was stacked up gainst trouble, but tings was comin my way, and I wasn't onto it a little bit. Him and Mr. Burton was down t' de stables lookin at some new wheels what had just been fetched in from de city when I chases across em, me bein out dere t' see if de coachman's kid had a scrap in him. I hadn't done nottin but wheel for so long I taut a scrap would do me healt no harm.

"When he pipes me off Mr. Paul calls me up and says 'Chames,' he says, 'I wishes t' propound a question in relative philology.'

"'Say, may I never have anodder scrap if dem wasn't de very langwudge he gives me. Did you never hear de like? I taut not. Dere ain't nottin like to outside de lawyers in de Tombs.

"'I was dead leary of a stringin, so I just touches me for'd and says 'Yes, Sir,' waitin for balls while I got onto his curves.

"'Chames,' he says, 'dere is a play runnin in town wid de name of Sans-gene,' he says, 'and I have just bet Mr. Burton what you calls a liver dat you will give us de best translation of dat name, "Sans-gene," he ever heard. Now, what does dat mean in English?'

"'What t' ell!' I says, tinkin he was givin me de dinky-dink on me langwudge; but Mr. Paul, as sober as a bull pup, turns t' Mr. Burton and says: 'You've lost, old man,' he says.

"'Mr. Burton taut awhile, and den he laughs and says, 'Yes, I sposed say dat is de most sensible translation of de term I ever heard—Sans-gene: What t' ell.'

"'Now did you ever hear such crazy talk in all your life? As I was tellin you, I taut I'd stacked up against trouble, but what do you tink? Mr. Burton scraped his close for a green five, and Mr. Paul he just coughed it up t' me, sayin: 'James, you win de pot.'

"'Say, Mr. Paul ain't so worse, is he?

"'I'm de only farmer in de game. I had t' go and ask de Duchess what was dat Sans-gene dey was trowin at me, and I was such a silly I queered me own cinch by givin away about de fiver, and de Duchess didn't do a ting but drag me jeans till she collared de roll. De Duchess ain't so worse—if you is lookin for a banker.

"'But dat ain't what I'm lookin for; what I'm out for wid a dark lantern and a reward, is where dey give me like de Keeley cure—only for de wheel habit stead of for booze.

"'Dere ain't one of us what ain't got it; from his Whiskers t' de Duchess dey is all bicycle daffy. Why, Mr. Paul has sent t' have a wheel made for little Miss Fannie, what is only just learnin t' twiddle her pins fit.

"'His Whiskers was de first one t' get de habit. First dey all gives him de laugh, but when dey found out I'd learned on his wheel Mr. Burton said he'd take a team from me, and in some days dere were tree more wheels down dere: one for Mr. Burton, one for Miss Fannie and one for me, cause I was t' be de professor.

"'Well, I teached Mr. Burton and I teached Miss Fannie—say, she can ride like a bird—and den dose two, wid his Whiskers, would be goin off so much, Mr. Paul, he got one down t'his place, what's next to ours, and he learned so dat he wouldn't be left by his lonely, and den I chased de Duchess, but as de Duchess had have a wheel, and how gee! before we was tru if de barkeep didn't send one t' Maggie, de housemaid, and I'm lookin for a car load t' be comin down for de rest of de servants any old day!

"'Dey may as well let de coachman and all de stablemen go, and sell de horses and carriages, for dey ain't no more use, cept to take little Miss Fannie out for a drive, and I expect she'll be cruisin around like a duck on a pond wid her own wheel pretty soon.

"'When all de folks is out de Duchess asks Maggie t' sneak wid us, and den we tree goes off in some odder direction from de folks. You otter to see dem goils! Dey is wonders, blind, stagerin wonders, in dere wheel make-up!

"'Miss Fannie she don't dress much diffrunt from when she was walkin, only she wears boots, but de Duchess and dat chip Maggie say, dey's put your eye out in a minute if ever you'd see em unexpected. De Duchess has some of dose form papers sent from Paris, what's de dago town she comes from, and she seed some pictures of fairies on wheels in one of dem, and she rigged up a harness like it. It's like a woman on top of de stage in a fary opra.

"'Maggie, de housemaid, is near as queer, only she ain't got de style de Duchess has, and dough she tinks she wears woulin't be so worse if she'd only wear it out of de grounds, but dat's de trouble, and dat's what run me up against it de odder day. We was tearin up dirt along de shore road, me follyin de Duchess and Maggie, t' keep de dogs away from dem, which I had a lot of stones in me pockets for, when I seed comin down de road four wheels —one wid a woman, and I knowed in a minnit dey was out for a run, and I gone around de back road, and would cop us sure if we didn't make a break. I filled t' de golls t' get off, and yank dere wheels over a low stone wall. We chased ourselves lively, I'm tellin you, and as de folks all stopped for someting dey didn't see us, and we laid low on de odder side of de wall, where dere were sticks and leaves and stones and wet, it was de worst belin I ever struck, and I ain't always slept in de finest, needer. 'Mon Dieu! Chames,' says de Duchess, 'let's get out of here; I'm ruinin me dress.'

"'You ain't got no dress on,' I says, 'and dat's de trouble,' says I, cause I was pretty sore wid her dinky harness, which I wouldn't have Miss Fannie seen on my life.

"'Next it was dat Maggie what hollered murder. 'For de love of heaven, Chimmie,' she yelled, 'I wonder you wouldn't put us in a den of snakes. Dere's a toad crawlin up, me leg!'

"'I wonder he wouldn't jump in your big mout, what you can't keep closed,' I says t' her, for I was near crazy, cause I peeped over de wall and seen de folk comin along.

"'I put one hand over de Duchess's mout and one over Maggie's, and dey was still for a minute, but all of a sudden, and bote togedder, just as de folks was opposite, bote dose fools bit me hands near in two, and let out a screech you could hear across de Sound, and bote for de same reason; dere was a bull comin at us wid

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1895.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

CLUBS POURING IN.

Already are the three-months' clubs beginning to pour in, although the first announcement was made but a week ago. We are gratified to see that the majority of these clubs do not stop at ten names. One of the first club orders we opened was a list of over 40 subscribers, and seven-eighths of the clubs received the first day were larger than ten names. There is a great call for specimen copies for canvassing purposes, and we are rapidly sending them out.

We desire the names to come in as rapidly as possible during the first part of June, so that our new readers may begin with the first of the special articles on the silver question, which we expect to begin about the middle of the month. We shall enter these names as fast as they are received, and their subscriptions will begin with the current issue of the Weekly Blade, and they will continue until every subscriber shall have received thirteen numbers.

Already are some of our friends promising us, as subscribers this summer, the majority of the families of their respective towns.

THE FIRST OF OUR TWO SERIALS.

We have already announced that we propose printing two first-class serial stories during the summer, the first to begin in June, the second in August. We have just received the manuscript of the first one, which is entitled:

"THE GOLDEN ROCK,"

BY ERNEST GLANVILLE,
Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Fair Colonist," "The Fossickers," etc.

It is a story of a quite different type from our last serial, the scene opening in London, whence it is at once transferred to the sea, during the exciting times of the Brazilian rebellion; thence it changes to Southern Africa, in the strange quest for the mysterious Stone Face, from which alone can the locality of the Golden Rock be ascertained. The scenes range landscape of South Africa, so little known to Americans, the people, their ways and manners, and their queer methods of journeying on the frontier, are vividly given, and are absolutely true to life, for Mr. Glanville has lived there, and has reproduced the local color with absolute fidelity.

The story is one of thrilling adventure, and the interest deepens with every chapter. We believe it will please our readers highly. We want every one to know what The Blade proposes to give for the instruction and entertainment of its readers this summer, and to this end we call the attention of every reader to an article elsewhere on this page, headed "Specimen Copies."

Our August serial will be announced in a short time, and we are sure it will be a popular one. It is in still a different vein, the scene laid in this country, and will interest all.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

Not long ago a leading politician, speaking of the next Congress, remarked that it should "pass the appropriation bills as soon as possible, and then go home." The reason he assigned was, that with a Democratic President in the White House, a Republican House and Senate wherein the Populists hold the balance of power, no legislation will be possible on the tariff, the currency, or any other question on which the voters are divided politically.

Probably this is the view of the majority of the politicians; but it is certainly not the true one. It narrows the action of Congress between partisan boundaries, and entirely leaves out the fact that there are a large number of important matters which never become political issues, and which require legislative action.

The Fifty-fourth Congress can make itself the most useful one to the people of any that have assembled for a decade or more, if it will leave political legislation alone, and devote itself to examining, debating and acting upon subjects of this kind, matters in which the welfare of the people is concerned, and which can be debated and acted upon without reference to political lines.

It seems more and more probable that there will be a speedy dissolution of the British Parliament. Not to speak of the precarious state of health of Lord Rosebery, it is impossible for him to make any headway against a hostile House of Lords, with so small and unreliable a majority behind him in the House of Commons. When Parliament first met, after the general election of 1892, the government had a majority of forty-one, including both factions of the Irish party with the Gladstonians. But the by-elections, which had been held prior to the reassembling of Parliament last February gave the Unionists a net gain of four, and reduced the government majority to 33. The revolt of the little squad of Parnellites, nine in number, reduced this majority to fifteen, and recent elections have cut into this, so that now, in any critical division, the government cannot rely upon a majority of more than ten or eleven. Legislation is out of the question under such conditions, and the most that the government can hope to do is to disclose a parliamentary programme attractive enough to make an appeal to the people safe.

France, Russia and Germany are lording it in the East as if they had licked China themselves. They have now notified the Celestial government that they do not aprove of the proposed concession of a railroad right of way to an American syndicate, which offered in return to advance money to pay the indemnity to Japan.

THE MONEY WASTE OF THE SALOON.

The money side of the liquor problem is a very important one, and should not be lost sight of in the discussion of the question. Beyond all doubt, the saloon is the most costly institution maintained by the American people to-day. It costs us each year twice as much as the entire expenses of the federal government. It is a tax, but a voluntary one, paid by the silly dupes who frequent the saloons. If the saloon should be abolished, it is clear that the larger portion of this vast sum could be saved to the people.

The city of Toledo has a population to-day in excess of 100,000, and it has about 500 saloons of all kinds. Let us figure up the amount of money wasted in it each year for liquors used as a beverage. How many dollars does each saloon take in over its bar each day, on an average—taking into the calculation all saloons of all descriptions, from the gorgeous bars, frequented by the men with money, down to the dirty little beer shop in the suburbs? From actual investigation, we are inclined to believe that the average is about $15 per day. But let us put our figures entirely within the mark, and say that each of these 500 saloons averages but $10 per day. Let us make our calculation on that basis.

Ten dollars a day for each of 500 saloons gives a total of $5,000 per day. We will leave Sunday out of the calculation, though the great majority of saloons derive their most profitable trade on that day, and count but six days per week. This, then, gives us a total of $30,000 spent in one week. In the 52 weeks of the year, then, the liquor bill of this city amounts to the vast total of $1,560,000!

Suppose these plague-spots, the saloons, were all wiped out; what then would go with this $1,560,000 which is absolutely wasted for liquors? It would go for things which would benefit these men, instead of injuring them. These persons and their families would live better; they would have better food, and in greater variety; they would wear better clothing; they would live in better houses, and their homes would be better furnished and more attractive. The grocers, the butchers and the bakers would all have greater patronage; the dry goods merchants, the boot and shoe men, the clothing men, would have a larger trade; the furniture men, and in fact the dealers in the thousand and one articles of comfort and convenience that are required in households, would all sell more.

Take any city of 100,000 inhabitants, and consider what would be the effect of adding $1,560,000 to its trade every year. Trace out the channels in which this enormous sum would flow, if the yawning hell-holes were closed down which it pours in a never-ending golden stream, its payers receiving nothing of value in return. Then extend the calculation to the entire United States, and you will obtain some faint idea of the enormous voluntary tribute which the people pay annually to that infernal combination of greed and selfishness, the Rum Power.

The abolition of this tremendous money waste through the saloon would be true economy. It would mean practically, the addition of two-fifths to the wages of the drinking class—for it is estimated that an average of two-fifths of the pay of these men goes for Rum, and three-fifths for the necessaries of life. The only way to stop this drain of the money of the people is to abolish the saloon, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

VARIETY IN MEAT FOODS.

Consul General De Kay, at Berlin, in a report to this government, refers to the abundance of venison in Germany. He says it is a common dish there practically all the year round, and its price is so moderate that only the poorest classes fall to taste it now and then. The reason is found in the high cultivation of forestry, and the care with which deer are bred, fed and protected from poachers.

Mr. De Kay suggests that this very desirable addition to American meats is quite possible. It is excellent food and the cost of raising deer is very small, if they can be protected from poachers. The sterile mountainous districts along the entire Allegheny chain, and all over New England, could be utilized for deer parks, and deer can be raised thereon at as good a profit as cattle on more valuable ground.

Of all the vast number of species of animals fit for food, how few have been utilized by man! The ox, sheep and hog furnish the staple meats of the world. We should have a greater variety. The ordinary deer, elk and moose have been nearly exterminated by hunters in America, and the buffalo entirely. Mr. De Kay's suggestion is one that should bear fruit in a practical way. The deer of American and Europe, the antelopes of South America, Africa and Asia, and other similar varieties should be systematically reared as food. Let us have a greater variety of meat foods, and not be compelled to restrict our choice to those furnished by only three varieties of animals.

It was expected that the proposed uprising of Armenians against the Turks and Kurds would take place during this month, but their starving condition renders such a move improbable. The better class of Armenians can get no more food than they need, and the condition of the masses is said to be lamentable. Recent dispatches contain further confirmation of the reported atrocities of the Turks and Kurds, and the statement is made that the establishment of a commission of inquiry at Moosh, and the protests of Christian Europe against the treatment of the Armenians, have availed little or nothing. These horrible barbarities should rouse the Christian world to action. Armenia should be protected as was Bulgaria, even if it shall take war to compel the "unspeakable Turk" to come to terms.

On Friday Queen Victoria celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday with the usual lavish bestowal of titles. Among those knighted are Walter Besant, the author, and Henry Irving, the actor. The latter becomes Sir John Henry Brodrib—the latter being his real name, and "Irving" a stage name only. This is the first time a representative of the stage has ever been so recognized by a British sovereign.

Don't forget the national convention of the League of Republican clubs, which meets in Cleveland June 19-21. There will be over 2,000 delegates present, and many times that number of other visitors. Cleveland is making elaborate preparations for the event, which will be the most notable meeting of the league which has yet been held.

Ex-President Harrison's fee as counsel in that great will case was $15,000—and he won the case. Yet there are some people worrying over the question what to do with an ex-President.

WALTER QUINTON GRESHAM.

The sudden death of Secretary of State Gresham came like a shock upon the country, for until a few hours before the end, it was believed that his illness was not particularly serious. A typical American in his restless spirit, his energy and his patriotism, his career was another example that almost all things are possible to an intelligent American, and that poverty is no real bar to him who has the talent and the ambition to rise.

Gresham was born in an Indiana log cabin, of poor parents; but he achieved distinction in three different fields—as a soldier, as a judge, and as a statesman. He entered life as the lieutenant colonel of the 53d Indiana in 1861, was made a brigadier general in 1863, was wounded before Atlanta, and was brevetted major general of volunteers for gallantry in action.

Returning to civil life at the close of the war, he returned to the practice of law, and President Grant appointed him United States district judge. From the bench he stepped to a seat in Arthur's cabinet as Postmaster General, and on the death of Folger succeeded him as secretary of the Treasury. In 1884 he was appointed United States circuit judge, which position he held for ten years, until Cleveland called him to the head of his Cabinet as secretary of State.

Gresham's political career was marked by the clash for leadership between himself and Harrison. Like many another talented American, he cherished the worthy ambition to reach the Presidency, and in the national Republican convention of 1888 he was an aspirant for the nomination. But when Blaine finally declined to allow his name to be considered for the nomination—which could have been his for the asking—the friends of the great Maine statesman chose to array themselves under the banner of Harrison rather than of Gresham, and the next President was his rival Indianian.

How far this defeat influenced Gresham's change of political views, can not be exactly told. Certain it is that his defeated rivalry of Harrison deepened into a feud, and the antagonistic feeling extended to Blaine, because of the action of his followers in the Chicago convention. There are those who saw, in Harrison's appointment of the Democrat, Jackson, to the Supreme bench, in the closing days of his administration, a desire to cut off the possibility of Gresham's reaching the place by any chance.

At any rate, Gresham became Democratic in his political leanings; at least, he was enough of a Democrat by 1893 for Mr. Cleveland to hand him the portfolio of the department of State. His opposition to Blaine and Harrison showed itself in his foreign policy; for both he and his chief, Cleveland, seemed to think it their duty to reverse every feature of the foreign policy of the Harrison administration possible. They were successful in doing this—but every patriotic American knows it was at the expense of the national good name and the honor of the flag.

However, death has ended Secretary Gresham's career, and the nation will remember that those things in his career which history will record as errors may largely be attributed to his rash and impetuous nature and his somewhat erratic genius. His countrymen will bear his name in loving remembrance for the sterling services he rendered in the nation's hour of danger, and for his long and valuable judicial service, and drop the veil of kindly charity over the memory of Gresham, the partisan, to know only Gresham the soldier and jurist.

THE DEMOCRATIC DILEMMA.

The close of the month is always a sad period with the Democrats in Washington, for it is a reminder of the dreadful failure which their tariff and revenue law has made. And these closing days of May are not less so than other occasions of the same sort. It is now just nine months since the new law went into effect, and it has made a record which not only proves it insufficient for the emergencies of the situation, but not likely to be sufficient in the future.

The receipts in those nine months have fallen fifty-five millions below the expenditures. The deficiency for the fiscal year so far is $50,000,000, and but for the fact that the McKinley law furnished a surplus of fifteen millions in the first two months of the fiscal year, the deficit would have been much higher. The indications still are that the new law will cause a deficiency of about $70,000,000 in the first year of its operations.

What is to be done about it? That is a question which the Democratic statesmen are now asking among themselves, and preparing to determine between this and December. One of the first things that will confront the new Congress when it meets will be this question of providing money to meet the deficiency. Of course the Democrats will have as an excuse the fact that the income tax has been knocked out, but that would not have supplied more than half enough, even had the expectations of its friends been realized.

But whatever might have been, the question to be considered is what shall be done with the condition as it is now is. There seems to be some difference of opinion among the Republicans as to what course should be pursued in raising the additional income required. Some favor adding a tax of one dollar per barrel on beer, and an increase of the tax on whisky, while others think that the proper way for the Republicans to increase the revenue is by following Republican principles and increasing the tariff upon articles on which it was reduced by the Democrats; and then, if President Cleveland wants to veto such a measure, let him take the responsibility of doing so, and also of depriving the government of revenue at the same time.

That there is likely to be a good deal of friction over this question of revenue raising is more than probable. One reason for it will be a disposition to take public atention from the silver question. This is a most troublesome subject for both parties, and if by getting up a sham battle over the revenue question the leaders on both sides can turn the public mind from silver they will welcome an oportunity to do so. Thus it seems quite likely that the coming session of Congress will cause more friction over the question of revising the tariff and revenue-raising than has been expected.

One-fourth of the names have been struck from the registration list of voters at Kansas City on acount of fraud. A good registration law is a powerful protection against fraud, if the revision of the lists is kept out of the hands of the men who are attempting the fraud.

The worst thing about the Supreme court's income tax decision, in Democratic eyes, is the number of fellows who will be thrown out of soft berths under the internal revenue department.

"SHODDY" WOOLENS.

The Democratic tariff law placed wool on the free list, as all American flockmasters know too well through their own losses. It was declared by its supporters that the repeal of the duties on foreign wool would enhance the value of domestic wool, and at the same time enable American manufacturers ot produce woolen goods cheaply enough not only to monopolize the home market, but to compete successfully with English manufacturers in the English market itself, as well as in other foreign markets. We all remember how urgently the free traders in Congress and the Democratic press insisted upon it.

Well, the law has been in operation for ten months and over. Has it fulfilled these glowing promises?

Some time ago Col. Claude Meeker, erstwhile private secretary to Governor Campbell, of Ohio, now the Democratic consul at Bradford, England, sent in a report which made quite a stir among the Democrats, to the effect that woolen cloths of American make had been shipped to Bradford for sale in competition with English goods. Investigation showed that the much talked about shipment consisted of two cases of cheviots, and that they were exported as an experiment. Now the news comes that the consignment was sold at a loss, and that it is not likely to be duplicated. This settles the prophecy that we can compete successfully in the English market itself.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin, a trade paper, gives the following regarding the exports and imports of woolen goods and wool:

The exports of American woolens have not increased. They have decreased. They are trivial at best, but the figures for the nine months ended March 31, 1895, show exports to the value of but $508,208, against $552,423 in the same nine months of the previous year.

In March, 1895, we imported 22,147,072 pounds of foreign wool, against 3,488,415 pounds in March, 1894.

In March, 1895, we imported 2,118,669 pounds of rags, wastes and other adulterants, against 1,504 pounds in March, 1894.

In March, 1895, we imported foreign manufactures of wool to the value of $4,320,110, against $1,238,307 in March, 1894.

These records for March are but the continuation of the records for January and February. The indications are that they are not temporary but permanent conditions. The United States figures for April are not yet published. We have, however, the English figures from the United States consular district at Bradford.

These figures show an increase in wool and woolen exports from that one consular district for the month of April amounting in value to over $1,500,000. The imports of rags, shoddy and wastes, practically prohibited by the McKinley tariff, all show an increase.

These figures are official, taken from the monthly reports of the bureau of statistics. Free wool has not opened a wider foreign market for American-made woolen goods; on the contrary, our exports of these have decreased. At the same time the home market has been filled by greatly increased imports of foreign-made woolen goods.

Furthermore, note the enormous increase in the importations of shoddy. The McKinley tariff was almost prohibitive of this stuff, for, in the three months ended March 31, 1894, under the McKinley law, the importations of woolen rags, shoddy and other waste amounted to 14,551 pounds; in the corresponding quarter of this year the importations amounted to 6,489,000 pounds. The wool-grower and the manufacturer of honest woolen goods knows what this means, and the unsophisticated buyer and wearer of "cheap" woolen and so-called woolen goods will find it out later and to his sorrow. Not only shoddy is coming in at the rate of hundreds of tons a month under the new tariff, to compete with the American wool-grower and honest woolen manufacturer, but "cheap" shoddy goods of English and German manufacture are pouring in to supplant honest woolen goods.

The American Wool and Cotton Reporter, which was a free-wool organ before the Wilson-Gorman tariff took effect, recently said that "England is the home of shoddy goods, and, unless it is Germany, there is no other country that can come within gunshot of her;" and an English correspondent of the same journal, after saying that more than 100,000,000 pounds of woolen rags are yearly imported and collected in Great Britain to be worked over into clothing, declared: "Stop the supply of shoddy and mungo, and more than one-half of the woolen mills in the kingdom would have to close."

Note also the promise that the Democratic tariff law would enhance the value of American wool. Every farmer and flockmaster knows how this promise has been falsified. On April 26, 1894, Ohio fleece X and XX clothing wool, washed, sold at 21 1-2 cents a pound, and on April 26, 1895, the same grades of wool sold at 16 1-2 cents a pound, a decline of more than 23 per cent. Between the same dates Ohio medium one-half and three-quarters blood declined 4 cents a pound, and Montana, Wyoming and Utah fine medium (scoured basis) declined 5 cents a pound.

We have exchanged honest woolen goods for those filled with shoddy; we have diminished employment for American workpeople in the woolen manufacturing industry; our wool-growers have lost money; and no one can call to mind any benefit he has received—unless it be the importers of foreign goods. That is the way in which the Democratic promise has been fulfilled.

THREE MONTHS' CLUBS.

After reading our announcements of features for this summer, and the liberal terms we offer for three months' clubs, can any one doubt our chances for 100,000 more subscribers before September 1? It is not for profit, but to widely circulate The Blade for the purpose of educating the people honestly on the much misunderstood silver question. Will not all our subscribers help us in this important cause by sending at least one club? In every family who takes The Blade, there is at least one member who could raise a club of ten to fifty at 10 cents in an hour or two. Try it.

The Supreme court did not divide on political lines upon the income tax case. The following is a tabular statement of the vote, the politics of each justice, and the state for which he was appointed:

AGAINST THE INCOME TAX.	
Chief Justice Fuller (Ill.)	Dem.
Justice Field (Cal.)	Dem.
Justice Gray (Mass.)	Rep.
Justice Brewer (Kan.)	Rep.
Justice Shiras (Pa.)	Rep.
IN FAVOR OF THE INCOME TAX.	
Justice Harlan (Ky.)	Rep.
Justice Brown (Mich.)	Rep.
Justice Jackson (Tenn.)	Dem.
Justice White (La.)	Dem.

The Supreme court of the United States has denied the application of Debs for a writ of habeas corpus, and he and his associates will serve out their uncompleted terms of imprisonment. The decision is important, as it establishes a legal principle which can not be successfully atatcked if ever we have another senseless strike like that of last year.

Tom Reed's boom is progressing on the "silence and fun" idea.

So far this summer there is a dearth of sunstrokes.

THE BERLINER PATENT.

The United States court of appeals has reversed the decision of Judge Carpenter, of the district court, against the validity of the Berliner patent on a telephone transmitter.

This reversal is a most extraordinary one. It may fairly be said that, while it may be in accord with the law, it is not in accord with justice and right. The facts in the case are these:

The basic patents granted to A. G. Bell on a speaking telephone were very wide in their specifications, and practically gave him a monopoly of the telephone business during their life. A company with ample capital was organized to push the invention, called the American Bell Telephone company. Edison's telephone patents were purchased by it; and Blake's valuable patent on a carbon transmitter, which made the Bell telephone a commercial success, was also bought out. The original Bell patents expired in seventeen years, but the Bell company still kept its control of the telephone business because of its ownership of the Blake transmitter.

A number of years ago a man named Berliner applied for a patent on a transmitter, covering much the same ground as the Blake invention. The Bell company filed an interference in the Patent office, and the case was delayed, on one pretext or another, for something like a dozen years. Finally, in 1891, it was decided that the Berliner device did not interfere with that of Blake, and a patent was issued. Berliner immediately turned it over to the Bell company.

This would operate practically to give an extension of the monopoly to the Bell company for seventeen years more—until 1908. But the scheme was so transparent, that the Bell company and Berliner had been acting in concert, that the delay in the adjudication of the interference claim had been promoted by both parties, so that the Berliner patent might not be granted until the patent of Blake was almost expired, that the Attorney General began suit in the federal court to annul the Berliner patent on the ground of collusion and fraud.

The district court took the same view as the Attorney General and handed down a decision annulling the patent. The Bell people imediately took an appeal, and the higher court has reversed the decision. Thus the Bell company's monopoly is extended to 1908, unless the Attorney General takes the case to the Supreme court, and there obtains a decision against the company. It should be done. The Bell and Blake patents have made their owners enormously wealthy, and the people at large should be allowed the benefit now.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

There is a reaction, apparently, in the movement for the abolition of the death penalty for murder. At least it does not grow among the people.

The Massachusetts legislature has sustained the report of a committee which was opposed to the abolition of the death penalty. One branch of the Michigan legislature has passed a bill to re-establish hanging as the penalty for murder—a fact which indicates the growing feeling in that state against her present plan of life imprisonment for murder. If Michigan should go back to capital punishment, other states will be slow to abolish capital punishment.

A case occurred some years ago in Michigan which shows how the criminal class regard the present law. A man outraged a young girl, then stripped her entirely nude, broke a hole in the ice of a river, and drowned her. The body was accidentally discovered immediately after, he was arrested and convicted, and we suppose is now in the Michigan penitentiary. He told the story of the crime, after conviction, and it is interesting. He would not have murdered the girl had hanging been the penalty. But he reasoned that, if he let the girl go, the chances of detection would be great, but if he killed her probably he would never be thought of in connection with the crime; while the penalty would be no greater for murder than for what he had already done. So he killed her. She was the indirect victim of the mistaken leniency of the law.

The plain fact is, the safety of society cannot be so well conserved by the abolition of the death penalty. Imprisonment does not deter like hanging. The criminal believes he can secure pardon after awhile, if he fails to cover his tracks. So many murderers go free after a few years of imprisonment that this penalty has no really deterrent effect upon criminals. Too many are willing to take the chances to make the plan a safe one for the community at large.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We desire to send specimen copies of the Weekly Blade to thousands who are not regular subscribers. We want everybody to know the special features announced for publication this summer, as well as the low price we make for clubs. Will our readers please send us addresses of their friends to whom we can mail sample copies? And we desire especially those who want to raise clubs, to write us for all the specimens they need.

Some joker started the story a week or two ago that a poor man in Indiana, whose wife had just presented him with triplets, named them Frances, Ruth and Esther, after the wife and two daughters of President Cleveland, and that, in recognition, the latter had sent him a check for $500. Of course the story was untrue; but every day since it has been published the White House mail has contained from thirty to fifty letters bearing tidings of population increases in twos and threes, and suggesting presents, preference being expressed for checks. The President looked upon the fake as a joke at first, but he is beginning to get warm under the collar.

It appears probable that Japan declared war against China because she learned that the latter was arranging secretly to subjugate her. In 1882, says the London Times, Li Hung Chang was repeatedly urged by the Chinese government to lead the armies of China against Japan, and the Chinese had, as the Japs discovered, immense quantities of ammunition stored away in all the strongholds captured. These things explain the enthusiasm of the Japanese; they were fighting for existence.

Pope Leo is taking considerable interest just now in American politics—or political workers, which amounts to the same thing. He has blessed the Hon. "Boss" McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, and has made Colonel George Bliss, of New York, a member of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. What is the Pontifax Maximus figuring on?

The political road is still a long one to 1896.

THE GREAT SILVER QUESTION.

It needs no prophet to tell the readers of The Blade that the silver question is now the one issue of most absorbing interest to the American people. It is not too much to say that unless there is a decided change in public sentiment—which is very unlikely indeed—the Presidential campaign of next year will be decided on this issue.

The question must be settled.

It must be settled right.

We all know that sometimes a theory is very attractive, yet when put in practice it fails utterly. Did any voter who felt impelled in 1892 to vote for Cleveland and free trade imagine that the brilliant theory would prove to be the means of bringing the two years of distress and hard times from which we are now slowly emerging?

So, when we say the silver question must be settled right, we mean that it must be settled in the interest of the welfare and prosperity of the whole people.

As it is to be settled by the votes of the people, it is an absolute necessity that the voters shall understand the question—shall study both sides—shall weigh carefully the arguments pro and con—so that they may vote intelligently, and with a full understanding of what the results will be.

Is not this the correct view?

The Blade proposes to devote considerable space during the summer, beginning within a few weeks, to the discussion of this burning question in a broad, fair-minded spirit. We shall make The Blade's columns a forum in which the leaders of both sides shall state the case from their standpoint, and present their arguments.

We are now arranging for a series of papers, by leading publicists, statesmen and leaders on both sides of the silver question, all men of national reputation, each of whom will present, in plain language for plain people, his views on this burning question.

We have by no means completed our list, but are able this week to announce that the following gentlemen have consented to prepare articles on this subject for The Blade:

HON. WM. L. STRONG, of New York City, the Republican reform mayor of that metropolis—who is an Ohio man, of course.
HON. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, Secretary of the Treasury during Cleveland's first administration.
MR. WALTER H. PAGE, editor of the Forum, the leading monthly review of America.
MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, whose fame as an authority on economic topics extends to two continents.
MR. HORACE WHITE, of New York, the well known political economist.
MR. DODSWORTH, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial journal of the United States.

As we said above, these names are but a beginning. We hope by next week to add other distinguished names to the list, for we shall make this series of articles notable all over the Union.

We are now arranging for a series of plain, clear papers, prepared by the

LEADERS OF BOTH SIDES,

which will set forth both sides as forcibly and plainly as possible. We shall have papers by statesmen known all over the United States, men of national reputation.

We shall also discuss these papers editorially as they appear, and state what we believe to be the correct view.

Nothing like this series will appear in any other newspaper. It will be the most valuable discussion of the question which has yet appeared.

We shall soon make a full announcement of the papers, and give the names of the writers.

"Coin's Financial School."

The little book under the above title is having a phenomenal run. It presents the "free silver" side of the controversy. Many of its readers believe its every statement; many others doubt, and desire more light upon various points.

We have simply been deluged with letters asking all kinds of questions about "Coin." We propose to take the little book up, chapter by chapter, give light on the points inquired about, and adding matter which will complete the argument of the book in much fuller form than probably could be done without making the book too large.

CARLISLE FOR PRESIDENT.

Of course the prominence of Secretary Carlisle in his silver tour has set the Democratic gossips talking about him for a presidential candidate. It is curious how quickly people forget, or how little they reflect upon the record of men when they propose them for that nomination. It is less than six months since Secretary Carlisle was making himself the laughing stock of the country on the currency question, sending one bill to Congress to-day, and withdrawing it and sending another to-morrow, and all to get turned down by his own party just as fast as the rol could be called on them. And now they are talking about him for the Presidential nomination.

There is perhaps, one important feature that he would supply as a presidential candidate just now, and that is that everybody could find something in his record with which he could agree; for he has been on all sides of the great financial questions which are now the important issues of the day. Even that veteran Democrat, Senator Palmer, of Illinois, has pranced to the front to suggest Mr. Carlisle for the Presidency. The fact that any Democrat is seriously considering the secretary in that connection, shows the desperate straits of the party for a leader.

Secretary Carlisle is on record as saying repeatedly that if the Supreme court should decide against the validity of the income tax, it would make very little difference to our national finances. No extra session of Congress would be required to fill the gap, or any further issue of gold bonds. When Congress shall assemble in regular session on the first Monday in December, about the earliest question that will tax the statesmanship of members will be, How shall the deficit in the revenue be repaired? We say it will tax the statesmanship of members because politicians will not want to touch the question.

PERSONAL POINTS.

The Mikado of Japan is fond of football and can kick a good game.

The latest description of the Chinese Emperor portrays his as "looking about 17, a chin-shouldered, narrow-chested, frail, worn-out boy."

The early ambition of William Black, the novelist, was to be a portrait painter. He reached the goal of his ambition, but by the skilful use of his pen and not by his brush.

The last time R. L. Stevenson was in Edinburgh he was attending the funeral of his father, but he was in bad health then, and only a few intimate friends saw him.

John Davison, the poet, says he "got his first chance in London," where he took up his abode in 1890, from Sir Wemyss Reid, who employed him to do reviews for the Speaker.

Word comes from Borneo that the two Swiss explorers, Messrs. Sarasin, who have been in Borneo two years, have made the most valuable discoveries and have visited certain islands never before explored by Europeans.

J. L. Hand, of Pelham, Ga., is known as the Watermelon King. He will have several thousands of acres under seed this spring and expects to ship hundreds of carloads of melons to make life worth living in the northern states.

Camille Walzel, who, under the pseudonym of F. Zell wrote the librettos for many of Von Suppe's, Strauss's and Genee's operettas, died recently in Vienna. He was the author of Fatinitza, Boccaccio, The Beggar Student, The Merry War and A Night in Venice, and translated many of Offenbach's operas into German.

Comte de Chambrun has given property yielding $4,000 a year to found a Musee Social in Paris as a memorial of his wife, which is to be a center of information for persons interested in the condition of artisans and a place to supplement the general and technical education of workingmen. It will be something like Toynbee Hall, in London.

The French sculptor Jules Roulleau died in Paris the other day at the age of 40. In the opinion of many he was at the head of the younger French sculptors. Among his best known works is the statue of Joan of Arc at Chinon, near Tours. At the time of his death he had about finished the monument to the memory of President Carnot for the City of Nolay.

Herod is the latest smirched celebrity of antiquity to have his character whitewashed. A historian named Vickers finds there is no evidence against him—no contemporary account of the massacre of the infants, no mention of it in Josephus and no reference to any injustice in his imposition of taxes. Like Lucrezia Borgia, whose character was washed clean a few years ago, Herod has had to wait a long time for justice.

It was when Henry Harland, editor of the Yellow Book, was a young lawyer that he made his first attempts at literature. In order to gain time for this work he fell into the curious habit of going to bed immediately after dinner and rising at 2 o'clock in the morning. Then, fortified by a cup of black coffee, he would work assiduously with his pen until office time. In that way he wrote his first novel, "As It Was Written."

Professor Victor Horsley, who is a relentless vivisectionist, has won his great reputation as a brain specialist to some extent by the vigorous research he has made into the surgical methods in vogue among prehistoric races. He is a tall, well built man, clean shaven, except for his mustache, with dark brown hair, gray eyes and a well shaped head. His manner is abrupt and seemingly thoughtless and his dexterity with the surgical knife is nothing short of marvelous.

The Japanese Mikado is a man of much energy and endurance, in spite of the fact that he is a great cigarette smoker. He is fond of outdoor sports, and has warmly encouraged the introduction of football into Japan. He is a hunter and fisherman, and is quite a good shot with a rifle. His devotion to lawn tennis is marked, and he wields a very clever racquet.

FOREIGN NOTES OF INTEREST.

Seven hundred dollars were paid at a recent sale of orchids in London for a Cattleya Hardyana of the Selwood variety. A cask of sherry 112 years old, the Crown Monarca wine of 1783, was sold in London the other day for $750. A monasterie golden sherry of 1816 brought $400. A stuffed Greek auk, the first offered for sale in England in twenty-six years, was sold recently to the Edinburgh Natural History Museum for $1,750. The bird is believed to be extinct and only twenty-four skins are known to be extant in England. A great auk's egg, slightly cracked at one end, brought $900.

Digging up a coffin in order to obtain memoirs of the first Napoleon hardly seems necessary nowadays. That was done though, it is said, for those of Planat de la Faye, his orderly officer, which were recently published. His widow had only three copies of the memoirs printed, and deposited one in her husband's coffin, after having it exhumed with great trouble. When she died she left directions that the book should be printed from the other two copies, but as they could not be found the executors were obliged to take out and open the coffin again, and it is from that copy that the book was printed.

Cats can get along perfectly well without stomachs, according to experiments recorded in the Archives de Physiologie. In one cat, which died forty-eight hours after its stomach had been cut out, the oesophagus was found to have been completely united with the intestine. Another cat, which weighed four pounds when it lost its stomach, was alive and well and weighed four pounds and a half three months and a half after the operation. It found difficulty in digesting pure milk, but got along nicely when the milk was mixed with yolk of egg and rice, and ate cooked meat, cheese, and a puree of potatoes. This proves that all three classes of food, albuminoids, fats, and farinaceous substances, are digested by the agastric cat. As it had previously been proved that dogs can do without stomachs, the next step would seem to be the production of agastric man.

A HALF-DOZEN FOLK.

The King of Dahomey was educated in Paris, and speaks several European languages. He went back to savagery because he was crossed in love.

Gen. Ruger, who, on the retirement of Schofield and the promotion of Miles this fall, will be the ranking major general of the United States army, is known among the Indians as "The Man Who Talks Once."

Dr. Charles Waldstein, the distinguished young Hellenist, for many years a resident of New York city, and perhaps the greatest living authority on Greek antiquities, has been elected to the state professorship of art at Cambridge university, England.

Paris has a heroine in a street flower seller. Jeanne Bonmere is the old woman's name, and her breast is literally covered with crosses and decorations gained by brave and womanly service in the Crimea, at Rome, at Gravelotte and Orleans.

Hall Caine's method of work is peculiar. His favorite time for composition is at dusk. He sits perfectly still in one of his big chairs that were Rossetti's until he had composed all he means to use. Then he orders a light and swiftly writes out his work, word for word, as he has memorized it.

Private Secrtary Thurber is said to be one of the cleverest narrators of dialect stories ever known in Washington. When he first went into the White House service, Thurber used to give up hours of his time every day to the entertainment of the President and his friends with his exceptional gifts in this direction.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A receiver has been appointed for the United States Coal Working company, Chicago.

S. H. Taggert, Warrensburg, Mo., farmer, bought a gold brick Wednesday. It cost him $8,500.

A receiver for the Heckle Hardware company, St. Louis, has been asked for. Liabilities, $80,000.

Savannah, Ga., has sent a thousand laurel wreaths to decorate the Confederate monument at Chicago.

Plant of the Damon Safe Works, Cambridge, Mass., was destroyed by fire Wednesday. Loss, $125,000; small insurance.

A posse in pursuit of William Connell, who killed Sheriff Dunham, of Montgomery county, Georgia, caught and killed the object of their pursuit Wednesday.

Experts will examine the accounts of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, a resolution to that effect having been passed at the meeting of the Brotherhood at Galesburg, Ill.

Franz Von Suppe, of Vienna, the musical composer, is dead.

The towns of Robueden and Rushany, in Chile and Bolivia has been signed. The Chilean Senate will try to raise a loan of $16,000,000.

Prince Bismarck's neuralgia of the face has reached an acuter stage. Otherwise his health is in a satisfactory condition.

In a speech at Rome Signor Crispi said that the position of the Italian treasury is assured, and its credit restored to the position held prior to 1890.

Porous glass is a late novelty in the Paris market. The holes are so small that neither dust nor draught follows its use, and yet the ventilation is said to be excellent.

A Portland man has arranged with "central to be called every morning at a stated hour by telephone.

Miss Margaret Burrows, of New Haven, Conn., is to marry the Prince di San Faustine Bourbon del Monte Santa Maria of Rome.

A certain Peruvian heiress once paid the late M. Worth $24,000 for a costume, which contained nearly $20,000 worth of lace.

Since his assignment to St. Mary's parish at Newburg, N. Y., Dr. Glynn has taken to lecturing again, and he is drawing large audiences.

At 84 years of age, Capt. Jonathan Pinkham, of Bath, Me., is still in service as a pilot, and claims to be the oldest one in New England.

The Louvre has acquired a statuette sculptured in wood, which, according to Egyptologists, dates back to the eighteenth dynasty of the Pharaohs.

Last week Rev. J. M. Van Wagner, of Sedalia, Mo., celebrated at the same time the 50th anniversary of his wedding and of his ordination as a preacher.

Signor Bonomi, one of the Panama canal engineers, who was in New Orleans recently, said that work would begin on the canal on a large scale about July 1.

Scientists prove from authorized returns that only 505 cases are known of persons having second attacks of smallpox.

The King of Italy is credited with dispensing more charity than any other of the crowned heads of Europe. And he has probably a larger percentage of his subjects who need charitable aid.

A pretty and poetic suggestion is made to help the fund for the Edgar Allen Poe monument in Baltimore. It is to cultivate roses on the poet's grave and sell them at fancy prices.

Rev. E. V. Evans of St. Augustine, Fla., succeeds to the title and estate of his uncle, the late Lord Carbery, and is en route to England to

The Weekly Blade Three Months

Only Ten Cents!

In Clubs of Ten or More Names at a Time.

With Valuable Premium for Each Ten Names,

And Ten Grand Prizes Besides!

Read the Following---The Best Offer The Blade Ever Made:

Referring to the several announcements on the fourth page of this paper, of our intention for special educational matter on the silver question, presented in a plain way for plain people, we think every reader of the Toledo Weekly Blade will agree with us that we should have at least a quarter of a million additional readers during the next few months.

And we are determined that the Blade shall have the largest circulation it ever had in its history. Not for a matter of profit, but for the general good of the public. At the price we announce we will not be paid for the white paper, postage and labor, but we shall at least make the Blade well talked about in every county and village of the whole Union.

Our plans this summer contemplate the publication of matter which will be of absorbing interest to every voter in the United States. Every one must have HONEST information on the silver issues previous to the great Presidential campaign next year. We believe we can set forth this subject in such a manner that the busiest person may become perfectly familiar with the entire subject, so that he will understand which side he should take when the question comes up for decision in the next political campaign. On the fourth page we have clearly stated our intentions on this matter.

Besides this, we shall publish a very interesting family newspaper, with one or more serial stories, and lots of other interesting and useful matter for all members of every family.

Now we propose to offer the Weekly Blade, in clubs of ten or more at a time, for only

Ten Cents for Three Months.

This offer is made during the months of June, July and August only. For every ten names sent us, we shall give the sender of the club a 25-cent book, such as he may select from the list given elsewhere.

We want every reader of The Blade, every person who receives a sample copy of it, and every person who may otherwise receive from us this announcement, to do what they can toward sending us clubs from their respective localities.

There is no postoffice in the United States so small but can send in at least one club of ten names. An ordinary village or thrifty town can supply dozens of such clubs, while large towns can send in many hundreds. Try it.

We desire all clubs made up of at least ten names; but should the club run larger, a book will be sent for each multiple of ten. Whoever sends a club of sixty names, for instance, can select six books from the list, and so on.

You see it will therefore be possible, during the three summer months, to obtain nearly, or quite all, the sixty-two books we announce. It will be observed, we pay for these clubs as fast as they are sent us, by mailing one book for each ten names. We allow no cash commission, and ten cents net must be sent for each name.

Remittances must be made in current funds. Do not send postage stamps or checks on country banks. Send a draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or send postoffice order or express order or currency by registered mail.

In addition to the above premiums we offer for these clubs, we will also give

Ten Grand Prizes

to be awarded at the close of the summer season, which will be on September 1, to the ten persons who send us the largest number of subscribers during June, July and August.

1.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending the largest list of names during the summer. Price, $18.

2.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the second largest list. Price, $18.

3.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the third largest list. Price, $18.

4.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fourth largest list. Price, $15.75.

5.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fifth largest list. Price, $15.75.

6.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the sixth largest list. Price, $15.75.

7.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the seventh largest list. Price, $9.25.

8.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the eighth largest list. Price, $9.25.

9.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the ninth largest list. Price, $9.25.

10.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the tenth largest list. Price, $9.25.

Number Your Names Consecutively.

Be sure and number the names consecutively, from No. 1 on your first club, down to the total number in your last club, so that we can tell at a glance, on September 1, how many names you have sent during the summer.

You see you will get your pay in books, as you go along, for all the names you send us, and besides you also stand the chance of getting one of these prizes. Hence the importance of numbering the names as you send them in.

With each club that you send, we want one of our coupons inclosed, as an evidence that you are entitled to the book premium. Those who receive our postal card announcement, may return the postal card with their first club. With all subsequent clubs be sure to inclose a coupon, which will be found at the end of this advertisement. This is important, in order to insure the mailing of your premium book.

You will find it easy work and full of exciting interest, to take names for the Blade at 10 cents. Some member of every family can find time for this work, and in getting out for a club of 10 you will be surprised to see that 40 or 50 names can easily be obtained in a few hours.

Sample Copies.

Send for all the sample copies of The Blade that you want for this work. Send us the names and addresses of all your friends, and we will cheerfully mail them sample copies.

We want everybody, men of all parties, to read The Blade this summer. How many scores of names can be obtained in your town? Drop us a postal card and tell us what you think can be done in your neighborhood. We would like to hear from everybody their ideas of the success of this offer in their neighborhood.

We suggest that you send, within a week, the first club of 10 to 20 names, and afterward follow up the matter with at least one club every week during June, July and August.

Address all letters,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

CUT THIS OUT AND INCLOSE WITH YOUR CLUB.

Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Good for a choice of One Book for EACH TEN NAMES.

BOOK PREMIUMS FOR THREE MONTHS' CLUBS.

As announced elsewhere, for every ten three months' subscribers sent us between now and September 1, we will mail a choice of the following list of books. They are not trashy cheap books, but printed with large size type on good paper, substantially bound in enameled paper covers. Furthermore, they are all of a high grade of literature. We first offer "The Nasby Letters" so long as our stock lasts. We have but a few hundred copies left. Or, the choice of any of the following 67 books. Name your selections when you send your clubs, and books will be immediately forwarded postpaid by mail.

1.—The Reveries of a Bachelor, or, A Book of the Heart, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
2.—Lays of Ancient Rome, by Lord Macaulay.
3.—A Tillboss Scandal, by J. M. Barrie.
4.—The House of the Seven Gables, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
5.—Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell.
6.—The Coming Race, by Lord Lytton.
7.—Dreams: Life, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
8.—Frankenstein; or the Modern Prometheus. Mrs. Shelley.
9.—A Book of Golden Deeds, by C. M. Yonge.
10.—Mosses from an Old Manse, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
11.—The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
12.—Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb.
13.—Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith.
14.—Twice-Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
15.—Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin de Saint Pierre.
16.—Story of an African Farm, by Olive Schreiner.
17.—Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, by Wm. E. Aytoun.
18.—Lucile, by Owen Meredith.
19.—Dreams, by Olive Schreiner.
20.—Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell.
21.—One of the Profession. White.
22.—Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle.
23.—The Idylls of the King, by the late Lord Tennyson.
24.—The Pleasures of Life, by Sir J. Lubbock, Bart.
25.—The Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott.
26.—Mornings in Florence, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
27.—Rab and his Friends, by Dr. John Brown.
28.—Whittier's Poems, by J. Greenleaf Whittier.
29.—The Greatest Thing in the World and Other Addresses, by Prof. Henry Drummond.
30.—Lalla Rookh, by Thomas Moore.
31.—Longfellow's Poems.
32.—In Memoriam, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
33.—The Princess, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
34.—Rasselas, by Samuel Johnson.
35.—Selections from Robert Browning.
36.—Past and Present, by Thomas Carlyle.
37.—Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antonius.
38.—Heroes and Hero Worship, by Thos. Carlyle.
39.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. First Series.
40.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. Second Series.
41.—Sesame and Lilies, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
42.—Queen of the Air, by John Ruskin.
43.—Premium Cook Book, by Marian Harland and Others.
44.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 1, by George Eliot.
45.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 2, by George Eliot.
46.—Romola. Part 1, by George Eliot.
47.—Romola. Part 2, by George Eliot.
48.—Lowell's Poems, by James Russell Lowell.
49.—Emerson's Essays, First Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
50.—Emerson's Essays, Second Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
51.—Ethics of the Dust, John Ruskin.
52.—Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.
53.—Lorna Doone. Part 1, by R. D. Blackmore.
54.—Lorna Doone. Part 2, by R. D. Blackmore.
55.—The Light of Asia, by Arnold.
56.—Last Essays of Elia, by C. Lamb.
57.—Vanity Fair. Part 1, by Thackeray.
58.—Vanity Fair. Part 2, by Thackeray.
59.—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, by Lord Byron.
60.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 1, by Susan Warner.
61.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 2, by Susan Warner.
62.—Crown of Wild Olive, by Ruskin.
63.—John Halifax. Part 1, by Mulock.
64.—John Halifax. Part 2, by Mulock.
65.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 1, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
66.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 2, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
67.—Discourses of Epictetus, with Notes translated by George Long.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It Is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish, can be easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and is polished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 15
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 [illegible]
1 dozen table knives	2 25
dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

Delayed, Not Dead.

Old Gotham—I want the finest floral piece you can get up, representing loving esteem——

Florist (solemnly)—Yes, sir. Ah, sir, we all meet with sad disappointments in this life——

Old Gotham (earnestly)—Yes, indeed! He ought to have been pardoned out during Governor Flower's term!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

OLD FAVORITES.

Published by request.
CRADLE HYMN.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
And without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard the Savior lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features!
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King;
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing,
Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy bless'd Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise.

I could give thee, thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.
—Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.

Published by request.
CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the foemen's ranks were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot;
When the files
Of the Isles,
From the smoky night encampment
bore the baner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer,
rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn.

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashed redly,
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er
the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the
black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. Georges
Cannoniers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears,
As the swift
Storm adrift,
With hot, sweeping anger, came the
horse guard's clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the
old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud;
And his sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the sturdy soldiers' jackets redden at the
touch of the leaden
Rifle breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared
the iron thunder,
Hurling death!
—Guy Humphrey McMaster.

THIERS'S GREAT IDEA.

How France Happened to Recover Napoleon's Remains.

As the story went, O'Connell had warned Lord Palmerston that he proposed to present a bill in the commons for returning Napoleon's remains to France.

"Take care," said Lord Palmerston. "Instead of pleasing the French government you may embarrass it seriously."

"That is not the question," answered O'Connell. "The question for me is what I ought to do. Now, my duty is to propose to the commons to return the emperor's bones. England's duty is to welcome the motion. I shall make my proposition, then, without disturbing myself about whom it will flatter or wound."

"So be it," said Lord Palmerston. "Only give me fifteen days."

"Very well," answered O'Connell. Immediately Lord Palmerston wrote to M. Thiers, then at the head of the French ministry, that he was about to be forced to tell the country that England had never refused to return the remains of Napoleon to France, because France had never asked that they be returned. As the story goes, M. Thiers advised Louis Philippe to forestall O'Connell, and thus it came about that Napoleon's remains were returned to France.

The grande pensee, as the idea was immediately called, seems, however, to have originated with M. Thiers, who, says Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's Magazine, saw in it a means of reawakening the waning interest in Louis Philippe. He believed that the very audacity of the act would create admiration and applause. Then, too, it was in harmony with the claim of the regime; that is, that the government of 1830 united all that was best in all the past governments of France, and so was stronger than any one of them. The mania for both king and minister for collecting and restoring made them think still more favorably of the idea.

Independent.

We do not want your street car seats;
Just keep them if you like.
We're independent since we have
Our bloomers and the bike.
—Washington Star.

A DIMPLE-MAKER.

One of the Devices Which Women Have Tried to Patent.

An application was once made by a woman for a patent on "artificial dimples." It was rejected, however, by the commissioner of the patent office, so that any one who now desires to experiment can do so without fear of infringment. Here are her directions:

"Smear a small spot on the cheek or chin with colorless shellac varnish mixed with glue. With a pencil or pen holder press the flesh with the paint, holding it there until the substance on the face becomes dry and hard. The stiffened indentation thus retains the exact shape of a dimple, and a little face powder carefully dusted over the "artificial dimple" will completely conceal the varnish and glue compound.

"Some care must be observed in smiling too suddenly," adds the originator of this scheme, "or the dimple may be broken. But with ordinary, gentle usage, it will retain its pretty shape a whole evening, if not longer."

In 1881 a patent was issued to a Boston woman on two somewhat novel devices. One of them was for restoring facial symmetry, and consisted of a spring plate with a head and two prongs or forks. The head was to be attached to the teeth and by placing the prongs inside of the mouth so that they would press outward against each cheek, caused the cheeks in time to look plump and full. The other was a finger compressor for making taper hands.

Another invention by the fair sex is a nose improver. It consists of a metal shell of the exact size of the nose desired. The nose is well bathed and then greased with olive oil or glycerine until perfectly soft. The improver is then attached and worn during the night. In this way, it is claimed, any nose may be changed to suit, the theory being that the nose is only a piece of cartilage and easy to change its shape.

GARFIELD'S RIDE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

THROUGH OPEN FIELDS AND UP UNSHELTERED HILLSIDES.

His Noble Horse, Wounded, Falls Dead at the Journey's End.

BY JAMES R. GILMORE.
("Edmund Kirke.")
(Copyright, 1895, by S. S. McClure. Limited.)

The objective point of what is known as the Chickamauga campaign was Chattanooga, which is the Southern gateway of the Alleghanies. Rosecrans had crossed the Tennessee, successfully maneuvered the enemy out of Chattanooga, and thrown 2,500 men into the place. But a greater work remained—to march his whole force into it, in the face of Bragg's army, heavily reinforced and largely outnumbering his own. To decide who should hold and occupy Chattanooga was fought the battle of Chickamauga.

Thomas's Position.

The first day's battle left the Union forces in possession of the approaches to the city, and when he met his corps commanders on the night of that day, Rosecrans said, in substance, to Gen. Thomas, who commanded his left: "Your line lies across the road to Chattanooga. That is the pivot of the battle. Hold it at all hazards; and I will reinforce you, if necessary, with the whole army."

In his oration on the life of Gen. Thomas, Gen. Garfield said: "During the whole night the reinforcements of the enemy were coming in. Early the next morning we were attacked along the whole line. Thomas commanded the left and center of our army. From early morning he withstood the furious and repeated attacks of the enemy, who constantly reinforced his assaults on our left. About noon our whole right was broken and driven in hopeless confusion from the field.

"IF HE COULD PASS THE CREST HE WOULD BE IN SAFETY."

Rosecrans was himself swept away in the tide of retreat. The forces of Longstreet, which had broken on our right, desisted from the pursuit, and, forming in heavy columns, assaulted the right flank of Thomas with unexampled fury. Seeing the approaching danger, he drew back his exposed flank toward the base of the mountain to meet the new peril."

The words "seeing the approaching danger" above reveal the turning and vital point of the battle. Thomas saw in time the approaching danger, and thus was enabled to check the enemy, and save the army; and in telling how he came to see it I shall have to relate the perilous ride of Gen. Garfield over the bloody field of Chickamauga.

Scene at Rosecrans's Headquarters.

It must be borne in mind that the Union army had a line of fully four miles, and was operating in a broken country, half forest and half cotton fields, from no part of which was it possible to take in the movements of the entire army. Rosecrans had established his headquarters for that day in the rear of his center and right wing, and on one of the foothills of Missionary Ridge. He was there about noon, surrounded by Gen. Garfield, his chief of staff, Major Frank S. Bond, his senior aid, and several orderlies, when Capt. William C. Gaw, chief engineer on the staff of Gen. Thomas, rode up to his headquarters. The captain had been sent by Thomas with a message to Gen. Negley, and had passed in the rear of the right center just as Wood opened the fatal gap into which Longstreet plunged, breaking McCook's corps into fragments. Reining his horse to the right, Gaw had got out of the way of the fugitives. A moment before Rosecrans had caught a distant view of some scattering troops straggling over the hills, and he called out to Gaw as he approached, "What troops are those coming down the hill?"

The answer was, "They are part of McCleve's reserves—the right center is broken."

Rosecrans Starts to Ride Himself.

In another moment the hills were swarming with a disordered rabble, and Rosecrans realized the serious nature of the disaster. He saw at once that the fate of the battle hung on Thomas's holding firmly his position, which commanded the road to Chattanooga. He was cut off from the main body of his men, and from Thomas's headquarters; but, after an ineffectual effort to rally the broken troops, he ordered Captain Gaw—who knew the country well—to find a way to Thomas. They moved forward, but had gone but a short distance when Captain Gaw's orderly was shot from his horse, and they found before them a dense mass of the enemy. Gaw then reported that the only way to reach Thomas was by a circuit through McPherhad's Gap—a distance of eight miles. They set off in that direction, and soon coming to a point where the road forked—one fork leading to Chattanooga, the other to the position of Thomas—they halted to breathe their horses; and then Rosecrans directed Garfield to ride on to Chattanooga, to form there, send forward ammunition, and to make the necessary preparations for the holding of the place in case Thomas should be obliged to retire before Longstreet; intending himself to proceed at once to Thomas.

Journey Passed Over to Garfield.

"General Garfield"—I here quote the statement of Major Frank S. Bond—"asked a number of questions and evinced a hesitancy in undertaking the great responsibility of issuing such important orders in Rosecrans's absence, when finally the general said to him, 'Very well, I will go to Chattanooga myself. You go to Thomas. He has nine of our fourteen divisions, and will undoubtedly hold his position until night-fall. Tell him to then put out a double line of skirmishers, and after dark withdraw his troops to Rossville Gap; and you report to me at Chattanooga as to the condition of affairs with Thomas."

When they parted the sound of heavy firing in the direction of Thomas had almost ceased, indicating that he held his position, and the battle was substantially over for the day. With Garfield and Captain Gaw and two of the orderlies, they made a wide detour to avoid the Confederates, and by the route they took it was eight miles to Thomas, and at any turn they might come upon the enemy. Soon, striking into a dark, pathless wood—a tangled undergrowth of intertwisted bush and briar they skirted for two miles the low bottom lands of the Chattanooga valley. Thence their route was clear to Rossville. At Rossville they took the Lafayette road, guiding their way by the sound of the firing, and moving cautiously, for they were then nearing the battlefield. The road there was scarcely more than a lane, flanked on one side by a thick wood and on the other by an open cotton field.

Riding Dead Into an Ambuscade.

No troops were in sight and on they galloped at a rapid pace. But when they had left Rossville a thousand yards behind, suddenly from along the wooded side of the road a volley of a thousand minnie balls fell among them thick as hail, wounding one horse, killing another, and stretching the two orderlies on the ground lifeless. They had ridden into an ambuscade of a large body of Longstreet's skirmishers and sharpshooters, who, having entered the fatal gap in the right center, had pressed that far on the flank of Thomas, with the evident design of falling upon him in overpowering numbers. Therefore, it was all important that Thomas should be warned of the impending danger.

"Now is Your Time—Be a Man, 'Jim' Garfield."

Garfield was mounted on a magnificent horse, who knew his bridle hand, and putting spurs to his side he leaped the fence into the cotton field. The opposite side of the lane was lined with gray blouses, and a single glance told him they were loading for another volley. He told me that he had been in tight places before, but this was the tightest. Pressing his lips firmly together, he said to himself: "Now is your time—be a man, Jim Garfield!" He spoke to his horse and laid his left hand gently on the rein of the animal. The trained beast heeded his touch, and putting the rowels into his side, he took a zig-zag course across the cotton field. It was his only chance; he had to tack from side to side, for he was a dead man if they got steady aim upon him.

Question of Good Luck and Bad Aim.

He was riding up an inclined plane of about 400 yards, and if he could pass the crest he would be in safety. But the gray fellows could load and fire twice before he could reach the summit, and death to him was certain unless Providence had some further use for him on this planet. Up the slope he went, tacking, when another volley followed from out the timber. His horse was struck—at flesh, wound—but the noble animal only leaped forward the faster. Those scattering bullets whizzed by him, but he was within a few yards of the summit. Another volley echoed along the hill when he was half way over the crest, but in a moment more he was in safety. As he tore down the slope a small body of bluecoats galloped forward to meet him. At their head was Col. "Dan" McCook, his face anxious and pallid. "My God, Garfield!" he cried, "I thought you were killed certain. How you escaped is a miracle." It was not many moments before this brave man himself was stretched upon such another bullet-swept field at Knoxville.

Captain Gaw had his horse shot under him at the first fire, and was considerably bruised by the fall, but somehow he managed to dodge the bullets and to crowd over the crest to the side of McCook and Garfield. McCook gave him another horse, and the two set out again for the headquarters of Thomas.

Thomas in Sight—Thomas Reached.

Garfield's horse had been struck, but the danger had given him the spirit of a lion, and he plunged forward at a breakneck pace, through plowed fields and tangled forests, and over broken and rocky hills, for another four miles, until they climbed a wooded crest, and were in sight of Thomas. In a slight depression of the ground with a small group of officers about him, he stood in the open field, while over him was sweeping a storm of shotted fire that fell in thick drops on the high foothill that Garfield was crossing. Shot and shell and canister mowed up the ground all about Garfield, but as he caught sight of Thomas he halted in the midst of the storm, and with uplifted arm shouted, "There he is! God bless the old hero! He has saved the army!" For a moment only he halted; then he plunged down the hill through the fiery storm, and in a few moments more was by the side of Thomas.

As the two men embraced each other, the noble horse that had so bravely borne Garfield through that hurricane, struck by another bullet, staggered a step or two and fell dead at the feet of Thomas.

In hurried, broken sentences Garfield tells Thomas that he is outflanked, and that the whole Confederate army of 70,000 is closing down upon his right wing to crush into fragments his weary force of 25,000. He must withdraw his right wing, and form line again upon the crested horseshoe which is before them at the base of the mountain. Quick the order is given, and quick the movement is made, yet not a moment too soon, for yonder, from behind a clump of woods, emerges the head of Longstreet's bristling columns. He has turned back from the pursuit of McCook, and now is coming to annihilate Thomas, and Thomas's men are too few for his line falls short by 300 feet of the spur of the mountain. Longstreet perceives this gap, heads his column for it, and in ten minutes more will have struck Thomas on flank and rear fatally.

Gordon Granger Arrives in Time.

Now, nothing short of a miracle can save Thomas, and "the days of miracles are passed," say the theologians. Still, there must be an invisible power that controls events in heaven and on earth; for, just at this critical moment, a heavy column is seen on the hill down which Garfield has just ridden, and in another moment a horseman, covered with foam, is by the side of Garfield and Thomas. He is a slightly formed man, a little slab-sided with dark hair, projecting brows, and deep, black cavernous eyes, from which now a black flame is flashing. It is Gordon Granger. He has heard the firing four miles away, and without orders, has come to the rescue of Thomas. He points with his sword to the men on the hill, and cries: "Where will you place us?" Thomas stretches his hand toward the 300 feet gap, again—which Longstreet is coming, and simply says, "There."

(The owner of this land told me personally in 1880, that from this single hill he had dug and sold 400 pounds of lead in bullets.)

The Hot Contest With Longstreet.

Back up the bullet-swept hill Granger gallops, and instantly his thirty-seven hundred men, led on by the heroic Steedman, are rushing down to the defenseless gap like a bristly avalanche. They are not a moment too soon, for Longstreet's heavy columns are at the breach, and now comes the collision. Garfield told me that it was like the coming together of two immense railway trains in full career—the forward columns shivering to atoms, and going down in a common destruction. Steedman's horse is shot on the full gallop and his rider is hurled fifteen feet forward by the momentum; but turning a complete somersault, he alights on his feet and urges on his men as if nothing had happened. For 40 minutes the onset lasted, and then a ghastly breastwork of 3,000 dead and dying, blue coats and gray coats fills the narrow gap. But the Army of the Cumberland is saved from destruction. Now, beaten and baffled, Longstreet withdraws his seething columns, and not another blow is struck by the magnificent army that Bragg has gathered; for that night Thomas holds Rossville Gap, and meanwhile, Rosecrans has rallied the fugitives at Chattanooga and in twenty-four hours built a cordon about it behind which he can defy the entire armies of the Confederacy.

This paper is constructed from facts communicated orally to the writer by Maj. Frank S. Bond, of Rosecrans's staff by Gen. Garfield also, and from a written statement of Capt. William B. Gaw, of Thomas's staff, furnished the writer by Gen. Garfield.

THE LOVER'S LITANY.

Eyes of gray—a sodden quay,
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer wears to sea
In a parting storm of cheers.
Sing, for faith and hope are high—
None so true as you and I—
Sing the lover's litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right,
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.
Cross that rules the southern sky;
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly,
Hear the lover's litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of brown—a dusty plain
Split and parched the heat of June,
Flying hoof and tightened rein,
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.
Side by side the horses fly,
Frame we now the old reply
Of the lover's litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz and thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore.
"Votre obéissante"—"Good-by,"
Glamour, wine and witchery—
On my soul's sincerity,
"Love like ours can never die!"

Maidens, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state,
Four times cupid's debtor I—
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.
Yet despise this evil case,
And a maiden showed me grace,
Four and forty times would I
Sing the lover's litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"
—Rudyard Kipling.

HE WAS MARRIED.

And the Conductor Found It Out When the Man Came Outside.

If it had happened at home probably the man wouldn't have minded it so much, but it all took place in a State street car, says the Rochester Herald. The man and his wife, so far as could be gathered from the conversation, had been down town together making some purchases. When it came to counting up on the car one parcel was missing. The parcel had been given to the husband to carry and he couldn't remember what he had done with it except that he had possibly "left it somewhere."

"Well, of all men!" she exclaimed, straightening back and taking a full breath, which threatened to come out again in a manner that he wouldn't fancy. "I do believe you'd lose your head if it wasn't fastened on. What did you do with it—just lay it down somewhere and then walk away like a big simpleton?"

He mumbled something about not remembering.

"If you wouldn't try the patience of a saint! I'll declare to—anything, if a sixteen-year-old did a trick like that he ought to get a sound lickin. for it! You can just pack back to town tomorrow and buy some more, that's settled."

"There's no need of tellin' half the town about it," he ventured. The other passengers were looking at him. Some appeared sympathetic, others were amused, and all were interested.

"I should think you would be ashamed to have people hear it," she said, with a sour smile, which was entirely an effort. "I—shou.d—think—you—would. Go and pay money for something and then walk right off and leave it. If you don't need somebody to take care of you I miss my guess."

He sighed deeply, and looked toward the back platform, where the conductor was grinning at him. Then he arose and started out of the car.

"See here, where are you going?" she demanded.

He neither answered nor turned around. Once outside he leaned with his back against the door.

"What's the matter with your wife?" asked the conductor.

"Oh, she's hollerin' because I lost a bundle somewhere."

"Why didn't you let her talk to me that way before a car full of people. I'd make her quiet down till we got home if I had to choke her."

"No, I guess not. You ain't onto her. You may think you would, but you wouldn't—you bet you wouldn't. Not once in a hundred years."

LIVING FREIGHT BY EXPRESS.

The Companies Used to Take Children, but They Do It No Longer.

The big express companies will take practically any freight that offers except explosives, such as gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, and human beings, says the New York Sun. They carry many dead bodies; there is scarcely a through run from the West or South to this city that doesn't bring one or more daily; and, formerly the express companies carried living people, but that was done away with about ten years ago. The custom nowadays in sending persons, usually children, from one point to another is to buy a ticket for them and put them in the care of the train conductor or porter of the Pullman car. Children so shipped for long distances are sometimes tagged. When persons were carried by express companies they were often tagged with the name and address, and they were always waybilled like any freight. Conductors sometimes took them into passenger cars, but frequently they were carried with the other freight in the express car. The charges for this class of freight were double passenger rates, but this included food and care; whenever a train stopped at a meal station the express messenger always took his living freight to the restaurant with him.

In reality the number of persons carried in that manner was never very great, but there were enough of them so that every messenger of those days can recall runs that were made interesting by the presence of children carried as freight; perhaps a small boy sitting still and unconscious, or maybe a cheerful youngster who allowed the messenger in his work, his putting off and taking on freight, checking up way bills, and so on, with lively interest; or it might have been a pretty little girl in whom the whole train crew became interested so that in the course of the run all hands came to the express car to look at her.

Finally the railroad companies objected to the carrying of that class of freight in express cars; they thought that they should have the profits arising from the transportation of persons, and so came about the general observance of the custom of buying a ticket and sending the person in charge of the conductor. Application is still made, however, to express companies for the transportation of children by express.

But while the large express companies no longer carry living human beings, they will carry anything else alive. They carry many dogs, and the number of dogs carried is constantly increasing. The rules of express companies require that dogs shall be boxed and made fast in the box with a chain; it often happens that dogs break their way out of boxes, and then the chain is of some use in holding them. Dogs are fed in transit if necessary. The express charges on dogs are double merchandise rates; dogs shipped in dog shows at these rates are returned to the point of shipment free.

Birds and snakes and wild animals are not all every-day articles of express freight, but they are by no means unusual. An express company took here one day last week a canary bird for san Francisco; the messengers will feed it and care for it en route. The same company took last week a tiger for Chicago. Express companies however, do not undertake to feed such animals as tigers on the way, and they do insist that they shall be securely boxed; and the same may be said of snakes.

A Saving Instance.

"Tell me honestly," said the novel-reader to the novel-writer, "did you ever see a woman who stood and tapped the floor impatiently with her toe for several moments, as you describe?"

"Yes," was the thoughtful reply; "I did once."

"Who was she?"

"She was a clog-dancer."—Washington Star.

A SHAKESPEARE PORTRAIT.

THE LONG LOST DAVENANT BUST AND ITS RECOVERY.

It Was Walled Up for Years and Narrowly Escaped Destruction at the Hands of Ignorant Workmen.

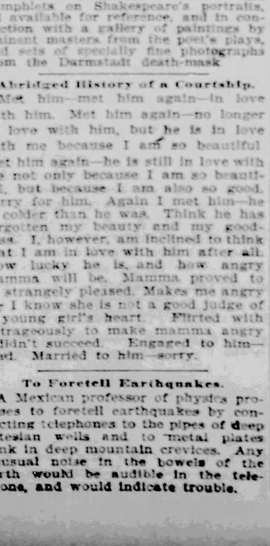
When Lincoln's Inn Fields was still a rural suburb, where aristocratic and wealthy people resided, there stood on their southern side, or "on the back side of Portugal Row," close by an old inn called the Grange, a famous tennis court, together with one of those great and stately "inns of court," from which the name of that locality

THE DAVENANT BUST.

was obtained, says the St. James Budget. Early in the year 1656, or late in 1655, Sir William Davenant obtained possession of the Tennis Court—then called Gibbon's—and converted it into a handsome and roomy theatre, which, a contemporary, Pepys, said was "the finest playhouse that ever was in England." Over its two chief entrances recesses were made to accommodate busts, and these apparently were those of the manager's godfather and his predecessor as poet laureate, Ben Jonson. At that time many of Shakespeare's younger friends were still alive, and so were old actors who had been the poet's fellow-players, and so was Shakespeare's youngest daughter, and his granddaughter, and old playgoers who had seen the poet play. To all of these Shakespeare's bust would be attractive, and many of them doubtless often paused on their way past into, or out of the theatre, to look up at it. Presently came the reign of operas in the Italian style and comedies in the French style, and Shakespeare was again neglected. The men who remembered the mighty poet were becoming very few, the stories that were told of him were being fast forgotten, and the busts over the theatre door were no longer the objects of interest they had been. In 1668 Sir William Davenant died. Sir William had looked his last upon the beloved bust above the theatre door, and after his departure we gradually hear less and less of both Shakespeare and his works, and more of dancing and singing and coarse buffoonery.

If, then, Shakespeare's plays were contemptuously neglected, what wonder is it to find his personal relics equally disregarded? When in 1714 the Duke's Theatre ceased to be a playhouse and became a barrack, the busts over the entrances remained. They were portraits of men unknown, and when (probably about that time) the entrances were bricked up they were lost to sight altogether. When the building was deserted by the military it became an auction-room and warehouse, and afterward, 1732, Messrs. Copeland and Spoda converted it into a pottery warehouse. In 1845 the old building was removed for the erection of the College of Surgeons, and in 1845, when its last remains were also removed, the long forgotten terracotta busts once again saw daylight. Before their real value and importance were discovered the workmen had thrown down the bust of Jonson and utterly destroyed it. From this fate the Shakespeare bust was preserved by Mr. Cliff, whose daughter afterward married the grandson of the late Sir Richard Owen, to whom it was bequeathed; and from whom, thanks to the kindness of his son, the Rev. Mr. Owen, of Richmond, and Sir William Flower, it has now become the most valuable of many valuable Shakespearian relics in the library of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon. There now may hope its continued existence will never again be endangered by that ignorance and careless indifference through which we had so narrow an escape of losing it altogether.

Of the painted portraits we have of Shakespeare, that known as the "Chandos," which is now in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensing-



FROM THE DEATH MASK.

ton, most closely resembles this bust. Its history tells us that its first owner was Sir William Davenant; that after his death it fell into the hands of one of his creditors named Olway, who sold it to Betterton, the actor, at the Duke's Theatre—he was then famous as a Shakesperian player. After Betterton's death, Bullinch, the printseller, bought it, and again sold it to Mrs. Barry, the actress, from whom Dr. Keck obtained it and s

AN OLD LEGEND.

The monk was praying in his cell,
With bowed head praying sore;
He had been praying on his knees
For two long hours and more.

When, in the midst, and suddenly,
His eyes they opened wide;
And on the ground, behold, he saw
A man's feet him beside.

And almost to the feet came down
A garment wove throughout;
'Twas not like any he had seen
In the countries round about.

His eyes he lifted tremblingly
Until a hand they spied;
A cut from a chisel there they saw,
And another scar beside.

Then up they leaped the face to find;
His heart gave one wild bound—
One, and stood still with awful joy—
He had the Master found!

On his sad ear fell the convent bell—
'Twas the hour the poor did wait—
It was his to dole the daily bread
That day at the convent gate.

A passion of love within him rose,
And with duty wrestled strong;
But the bell kept calling all the time
With iron, merciless tongue.

He gazed like a dog in the Master's eyes,
He sprang to his feet in strength:
"If I find him not when I come back,
I shall find Him the more at length!"

He chid his heart and he fed the poor,
All at the convent gate;
Then wearily, oh, wearily!
Went back to the desolate.

His hand on the latch, his head bent low,
He stood on the door sill;
Sad and slow he lifted the latch—
The Master stood there still!

He said, "I have waited because my poor
Had not to wait for thee;
But the man who doeth my Father's work
Is never far from me."

—George MacDonald.

HOME TALKS.

A DAY IN CONCORD WANDERING AMONG ITS HISTORIC PLACES.

The Home of Emerson—Where He Lived and Wrote—His Daughter's Hospitality—Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

"Behold! he sails no earthly barque,
And on no earthly sea;
Adown the years he sails the dark
Deeps of futurity.

Ideals are the ships of Greece
His purpose steers afar;
The skies, his seas; the Golden Fleece
He seeks, the farthest star."

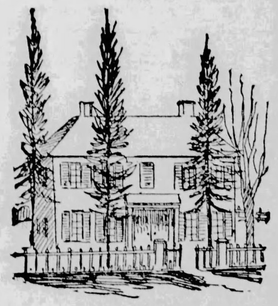
From the peace and quiet of the old battle ground where now the rustling trees and singing birds hold sway—strange contrast to that day when men's passions expressed themselves in swift-moving missiles of death—we passed down the old country road up which the British marched in the long ago, leaving the picturesque Old Manse again to its silence and loneliness, and drew up a few moments later at the gateway of the home of Emerson.

The home of Emerson!

The place where, for so many years the philosopher and the poet lived, and where he died!

The hold which this man and his works have taken upon his countrymen was shown, in a small way, by the hushed voices and reverent manner of each one of the party who, one by one alighted at the gate of the mansion. The gay talk and merry laughter ceased entirely, and the change was involuntary.

The house is a plain, square and roomy frame house standing back from the road, and partially hidden from the passers by tall chestnut and pine trees that ornament the old-



THE HOME OF EMERSON.

fashioned yard. Through the always-open gate we passed up the walk, and stood upon the porch before the hospitable door, now swung back showing the broad hall and staircase beyond.

Dame Fortune is a very capricious lady, one of moods and tenses not to be calculated upon, but this time she had elected to bestow upon us an unexpected pleasure. It came in this wise. Our pretty guide and companion knew Mr. Emerson's daughter, Miss Harriet Emerson, who dwells in the old home, very well, and it was because of the friendship that the party was invited to eat the luncheon we carried in the dining room, and at the table where Mr. Emerson and the many noted people who visited him, sat and talked while refreshing the physical man. Imagine our delight at this opportunity to see familiarly the place whence so many pure and lofty thoughts had flowed to help humanity.

The servant bade us enter and make ourselves at home. Coming out of the bright sunlight with the mercury in the nineties, into the hall with its carpet of mossy green, it seemed a veritable paradise. We were sent up stairs "into the nursery" to remove travel stains—in other words to wash our hands and faces, for even in Concord the dust has an ugly way of flying, and then we found our way down again to look around until Miss Harriet, who had been detained, should appear. And this is what we saw:

The hall divides the house in the center, there being two large square rooms on each side. Upon the right as you enter is a door leading into the study where Mr. Emerson read and wrote. It is a pleasant apartment, with one side lined with shelves upon which are books galore. Under the windows are more shelves and more books, and I saw still more in the room beyond. A friend, moved with myself by a like thought, gave a more than cursory glance at the many volumes. We found among them as we expected the works of Pluto, of Jacob Boehme and many more relating to the ancient wisdom-religion, and to the earlier philosophies of the far East, showing whence came the influence which roused what seems like inspiration in the quick brain, and was translated into glowing words by the ever-ready pen to stimulate in later generations a better conception of the meaning of life.

In the center of the room stands a large mahogany table also covered with books and writing materials, and here Mr. Emerson sat and wrote the essays that have made him immortal. So vivid was the thought of him that it seemed as if he might step forth from the room beyond and take his accustomed chair, but the moments passed and he came not. Between this room and the other is the chimney in which is a large fire-place with a low grate, and over it is a picture which I think, though I am not quite certain, is a copy of Michael Angelo's Fates. A few choice engravings hang upon the walls, and between the front windows stands a long, low old-fashioned sofa inviting to rest.

On each side of the fireplace are doorways leading into the large, cheerful parlor beyond which has a Southern exposure and is exceedingly bright and airy. We sat awhile with the soft breeze blowing through the open windows and the birds singing outside—sat and thought what a privilege was ours to be there even though he whose presence had hallowed it was gone from the seen out of our ken into the unseen.

Presently we were invited into the dining room, a spacious apartment upon the other side of the hall, at the door of which stood Miss Emerson whose strong, mobile face lit up with smiles as she gave each a warm clasp of the hand and pleasant, welcoming words. Later, sitting at the head of the table garnished with the quaint old china and silver of generations gone, she, with a friend who was staying with her, took away all strangeness with pleasant chat intermingled with entertaining stories. The tablecloth, she told us in answer to some remark about its singularity, was more than a century old, and was a gift to herself from a family friend. A rare old piece of linen it was, with curious pictures set forth by legendary lines beneath each one, in German.

Luncheon over, and we wandered with her out into the spacious garden at the back of the house, famous for its roses and its hollyhocks, where there were blooming the early spring flowers. Through these paths had wandered Margaret Fuller, and Thoreau, Hawthorne and the Alcotts, George Ripley and Channing, with the many others whose names are so familiar to the world. And then the pleasant visit drew to its close for the afternoon was waning, and there was much yet to see, so with kindly farewell words from the genial daughter of her famous father, we turned our faces away, feeling that there had been hours in a red letter day that could never be forgotten.

Our next visit was to the cemetery where are buried the bodies of so many gifted people. Climbing the steep hillside to what is called The Ridge we came to the grave of Hawthorne marked only by a white stone, upon which is cut his name. Around the lot, as if to hide the mound from prying eyes, is a low hedge of arbor vitæ. A little distance away lies the dust of Thoreau, the place marked with a common red stone. Farther up the path and on the opposite side is the grave of Ralph Waldo Emerson, to which come pilgrims from all over the world. It is marked by a great block of pink quartz just as it came from the quarry. Set in the top is a bronze tablet with the name and dates, May 25, 1803, April 27, 1882, engraved thereon, and these lines from that one of his poems entitled The Problem:

"The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

After a few moments' reverent pause we turned away and retraced our steps, stopping to look at a stone removed thither from the Old Hill Burying Ground, upon which are engraved these words: "This stone is designed by its durability to perpetuate the memory, and by its color to signify the moral character of Miss Abigail Dudley." It was the first use of white marble for such a purpose in place of the common slate.

A celebrated epitaph which has been widely copied is that of John Jack, an old slave who died in 1773. It is a curious antithetic specimen of early literary effort and withal a fine one, reading thus:

God wills us free, man wills us slaves,
I will as God wills; God's will be done.

Then follow the name and age and these lines:

Though born in a land of slavery
He was born free.
Though he lived in a land of liberty,
He lived a slave;
Till by his honest, though stolen labor,
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom.
Though not long before
Death the grand tyrant
Gave him his final emancipation.
And put him on a footing with kings.
Though a slave to vice,
He practiced these virtues
Without which kings are but slaves.

A curious collection of opposites, is it not?

EMILY S. BOUTON.

(To Be Continued.)

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

A Box for Everything and Everything in a Box a Good Maxim.

The editor recently heard of a woman who was never at a loss to know what to give as presents, to her friends for birthdays, Christmas or any anniversary, and this much to be desired quietness of mind was obtained by means of a "I wish I had" book. In this book she wrote the wishes for this or that thing, expressed by her friends during the year, and by referring to the list under each person's name, she selected the thing she could afford to pay for, and lo! she is saved the anxious search for something that may please Jack or Jill, and which may not please them at all.

This is a good hint for us all to accept, and as a companion volume, I would suggest a "What I have" book. During the searching out days of house cleaning, when we find a bit of lace or ribbon, or any relic of bygone days that we think could be made into some pretty or useful gift for one of our friends, we can write in our book what we have, what we have thought we could do with it, and for whom it is destined. Then put all of these treasures in a box, or trunk, kept for that especial purpose, and when we have time, prepare the gift and have it ready when we need it.

This was suggested by hearing a friend bemoaning the fact that she had thought of ever so many things to make, and then forgotten what they were, or for whom she intended to make them till too late.

"FOR LADIES ONLY."

Some Desirable Accessories to the Housekeepers "Lares et Penates."

Bureau Set.

To make two bottle covers, three mats and a cushion cover, you will need one yard of silk bolting, twenty-inches wide, a yard and a half of China silk of any dainty shade, and nine skeins of silk Roman floss. The large mat should be about twelve inches square, the cushion cover ten inches square, and the small mats six or eight inches square. In the center of the cushion stamp a pretty spray of flowers and leaves, carrying out the same design in miniature on the bottle covers and the large mat. A design of lilies, worked in two shades of golden floss on white bolting cloth over a lining of pale blue is very pretty. Use the darker shade of floss for outlining the design, filling it in with the lighter, in darning stitch or solid embroidery. Cut the linings two inches larger than the bolting silk, which is to be fastened on with button-hole stitch, the edge of the silk lining being fringed about half an inch all around. The bottles are covered smoothly with the lining fringed at the top to come up about the glass stopper, the bolting silk being fastened over it with invisible stitches.—Martha Todd.

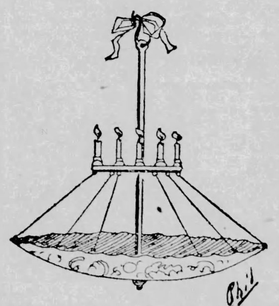
A Hand Screen.

Cut out two 14-inch squares of white linen and etch an all-over design upon each of them with silk of any decided color; mine is done in gold. Stretch these pieces smoothly over two 12-inch squares of cardboard which are first covered with a thin layer of batting

dusted with sachet powder. Join the two sides of the screen with over and over stitches, finishing the edges with a cord matching the silk used in the embroidery. In joining the pieces, leave them open for about an inch at one corner, insert the handle of the screen into this opening and fasten firmly with silver wire, covering the fastenings with a looping of cord and tassels.—Aunt Abby.

Inexpensive Candelabra.

Take a pretty, delicately tinted Japanese parasol, open it and have a tinman cut a round piece of tin half way up the handle, with sockets soldered on it for holding six little wax candles. Gild these sockets and fill them with alternate pink and white, blue and



white, or any other combination of candles; fasten a full bow of ribbons, matching them in color, at the end of the sticks; screw to hook into the ceiling and suspend your "candelabra."

Paper Holder.

Take a piece of China matting one yard long and twenty inches wide. Line it with silesia or silk, and bind the edges with braid or ribbon. Decorate it with embroidery, painting or

an appliqued design cut from cretonne, satine or wall paper, and put on neatly with gum tragacanth. Sew the ends of the matting together and supply it with two brass rings by which to hang it from the wall. If embroidery is used in the decoration, it should be done before the matting is lined.

"A Mock Mantel."

I have no mantel in my parlor, and was in despair concerning the disposal of the numerous articles of bric-a-brac given me among my wedding presents, until my "Jim" helped me out of the difficulty by evolving this substitute: We had a three-fold carved oak screen, about four feet high, the center panel being nearly three times as wide as the side ones. He put this at one side of the room with the side panels just touching the wall and fitted a board into the opening at the top, fastening it very firmly with screws. Over this I put a pretty silk drape, and arranged my ornamental odds and ends upon it with great satisfaction at the result of our united efforts.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

A Confession, a Protest, and a Question to Solve.

Both Sides of the Question.

It seems to me that husbands and fathers who talk about "if they were worth a million they would do so and so for their wives and daughters," are those men who just don't care to be bothered with the little things that go to make up, so largely, the happiness of the average wife and daughter, and so if only they could bunch it off in bulk to them, they would have performed a great duty and be saved an enormous amount of long drawn out trouble. It is not the millions that are necessary, my dear man, to happiness, but the tens and twos and the ones, I refer especially to the happiness of your wife and family.

Where is there a man who, not having a million dollars, will say unto himself: "I will not deal with lesser sums, they can do me no good?" Where is there a woman whose heart does not bound with the delight of the courting days when her husband says to her: "Put on your things, I'm going to get a horse and carriage and we'll take a ride," or when he brings her home some little gift? Where is the man who, because he can't eat a whole beef, won't eat any? Where the man who would like his wife to say: "Dear, if I had a whole hog I'd cook you some—if I had half the coffee there is in the world I'd make you a whole barrel of it? I think the average man prefers the tender steak each day, the cup of coffee each morning, to doing entirely without because his wife has not an immense quantity. Because she cannot keep her face in one perpetual grin, perhaps, he appreciates the oft repeated smile and little attentions of his wife. Do you, my brother? Then so does your wife, and more than you can ever tell.

I am much interested in the subject of husbands allowing their wives a stated sum of money each month for "pin money," as the saying goes, or, better still, a certain sum for table expenses, in which case she can use both judgment and pleasure in the spending of it.

But, a word to young women who earn their own money. Do not spend every cent of your earnings, unless you absolutely cannot help yourself. Save some of it, and when you come to prepare for your wedding day put it not all in finery; be a little economical; see to this for your future pleasure, and the time will come when you will appreciate it. Even though the man you are about to marry is well-to-do, kind, and all that, there will come times when you will wish for a few dollars of your very own. When Christmas comes, or the birthday, and you want so much to give the dear man a present, it will seem so nice to be really able to give him something that his money did not buy, but yours. See? Do not despise a small amount, if it's only $50, or less, save it, the interest will in a year amount to a little and it will be yours. Believe me, it will afford you its whole worth in pleasure. Don't draw on your little capital, spend only the interest, and not that if you do not feel obliged to. —K. H.

Cleo's Confession.

It is astonishing how very easily we can be thrown off from our equilibrium by small things. For instance, one pleasant morning recently the writer of this letter, who prides herself on her even temper and disposition, went forth for a ride around the "long belt" on the street car. It was a beautiful morning, bright and still, and just warm enough to make the current of air produced by the motion of the car very enjoyable—so much so that I decided to prolong the ride by taking a "transfer." My new spring suit fitted beautifully, my hat was everything that could be desired and, altogether, I was in as nearly a state of perfect contentment as I ever care to be. I moralized (to myself, fortunately) on the value of the good that was so easily attainable to all, and felt that those who lived in a city with such ample street car service had no reason for envying those who kept their own horses and carriage. About the time I had arrived at this conclusion the conductor requested me to leave the car and walk on the corner for my transfer, assuring me that my car would be along in about two minutes. Possibly he thought it would, but it did not for several two minutes. The air on that street corner was very much warmer than it had been in the car, the dust was very much in evidence, a woman with an umbrella over her head hit my hat and knocked it entirely out of position, I felt that my face was becoming too much flushed for beauty and—O, dear, there was no way of knowing if my hat was on straight, so by the time the car came along (and I found it was a closed car, full of people, every one of whom stared at me when I entered, thus giving me the assurance that my hat was not on straight), I left off moralizing on the free-for-all pleasure of street car riding, and before I reached home had suffered a complete re-apse into my sinful habit of envying such of my friends as could "ride in their chaises."

There was one good result, however, I have not had quite as high an opinion of my own goodness since, and have been more careful in judging other people.—Cleo D.

About the Earning of Money.

I have read Primrose's letter regarding the woman who made bread to sell, and I must say I do not think it right for a woman who does not need to earn money to take up a work that some poor woman might have had.

If that young married woman spoken of had found customers for some woman who needed the money to support her family with, I think it would have been a noble and a Christian act, and no doubt she could have found many who could have baked as good bread and rolls and other things as she could, or as her hired girl could.

It seems to me she took for "extra" money what should have gone for "necessary" help to some one. Of course she had a right, in one sense, to do as she did, but has any one the moral right to do so?—Susanna.

A Question for Parents.

I write to the Household friends for suggestions as to what we are to do for our boys and girls when the summer vacation comes, in the way of providing them with amusements. I have four children, two boys and two girls, all good, obedient children, but they are of an age when they must be kept busy with something. They are not old enough to work much and I do not want them to feel that they must be in the street, or away from home all day. Do some of you good mothers and fathers who read the Blade Household send me some advice on this subject. —Widow.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

Pennsylvania and Other States Heard From This Week.

Mattie C.:—Your very kind and encouraging letter has been handed to Mr. Bishop, and will, doubtless, comfort him for some of the severe criticisms he has received.—Ed.

Wolverine:—As your letter did not reach this office till the discussion of Mr. Bisnop's story was closed it can not be published, but will be given to the author for his encouragement. Write again; the only rules of this department are that you shall write a concisely as possible with ink on one side only of your paper, sign your name and address as well as the name you wish to have appear in the paper, and write of something that will be of general interest to the readers of the Household.—Ed.

M. Z. C. wishes some one to send the words of a song that runs something like this: "You said you would surely come again, at the twinkling of the stars, Down in grandpa's meadow you'd meet me by the bars." That may do for a song, but, Mae, you do not want to meet any one in that way. If any one with meeting wishes to see you he will not ask you to meet him at the twinkling of the stars down by grandpa's bars, or in any other out of the way place. Unless he can come up to grandpa's door like an honest man don't show him a bit of favor, he isn't worth it. And this is intended for every young girl whether her name is Mae or anything else.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Can any of The Blade readers tell me what will kill or drive away the black ants? They are trying to destroy everything in the garden, and now they are eating the peony buds so that they blast. If any one could tell me what to do I will be very grateful, and please answer soon so I can save some of my flowers. I have tried every remedy heard of.—Mrs. E. W. Willis.

Can any member of the Household tell of anything that will kill or drive away bats? I moved into a house where the garret windows had been left open, and found them by the hundreds, and can find nothing that will kill them or cause them to vacate.—B. D.

Will some one give some recipes for preserving wild raspberries, gooseberries and strawberries? Also for jelly of the same kind of berries? —Prairie Flower.

THE COOK'S LITTLE VISIT

With Her Household Friends and Correspondents.

The season for canning and preserving fruit is again upon us, and the wise housekeeper will take advantage of the market to secure her fruit at the best time, and that does not mean when it is the cheapest always. Pineapples are right for putting up now, and sell for the best quality at $1.25 to $1.75 per dozen.

By the time these are ready for next winter's use the strawberries will be plentiful and other berries and fruits will follow in quick succession, leaving the cook very little idle time during the season. The Blade cook has procured from thoroughly reliable sources some recipes for canning and preserving fruits that have been pronounced by connoisseurs to be excellent and to be depended upon.

To Can Pineapple.

Pare the pines, removing the eyes carefully. Then with a small, long bladed knife cut around the stem, removing the core; slice the fruit in small, thin slices, again cut out the core and when the fruit is all sliced allow one-half pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Put the sugar and the juice of the fruit into a porcelain kettle, and when the sugar is dissolved add the fruit and cook for 5 minutes. Put up in this way the pineapple retains its natural flavor much better than when it is cut in thick pieces and cooked too long.

Strawberry Cream.

Mash one quart of strawberries, strain through a sieve, add one-half pound of sugar and one quart of rich cream and freeze.

Old-Fashioned Strawberry Preserve

Weigh equal quantities of fruit and sugar and put them together over night. The next day scald, but not boil, the berries, then skim them out of the syrup and place in cans. Boil the syrup one-half hour and pour over the fruit.

A Nice Way to Cook Cauliflower.

Select a large cauliflower, cut off the leaves, pick the flowerets apart, cut off the roots and wash in cold water. Cook in plenty of salted water for 30 minutes after it begins to boil. Drain and put in a baking dish. Make a cream sauce by mixing one tablespoonful of flour with two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two cupfuls of milk and a little salt and pepper. Let it cook 10 minutes, add three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and pour it over the cauliflower in the baking dish. Sprinkle over this three more tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of bread crumbs and a few bits of butter. Bake in a quick oven 25 minutes or till of a rich brown color.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Tender a Reception to the Indiana President—Only One New Comer.

Miss Laura Gibson, of Delphi, president of the Order of Blade M. G. R.'s in Indiana, was born twenty-one years ago on a farm two miles north of the town where she now resides. Two years of her life were spent on a large ranch in Western Idaho, where she commenced her education in a log schoolhouse, that had been a fort in earlier days, and was surrounded by a

LAURA GIBSON, INDIANA.

palisade. Her next home was among the pines in Eastern Oregon, where she could see the snow-capped peaks of Mount Hood and Mount Jefferson; since that time, having lived for a time, having lived for a time in the Willamette Valley, she has returned, as she says, "to Hoosierdom, going to school until three years ago, and doing with all my might what my hand has found to do."

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, ATTENTION!

At last there is hope! The badge looms up in the near future! After the rejection of a number of specimens made and sent for approval, all involving great delay, one has finally been accepted and the order given for its manufacture. As, however, it will be some time before it can be supplied in quantities, the publishers of The Blade have decided to make the following offer to the members only of The Merry-Go-Round:

To each and all who will get for The Blade a club of 25 new subscribers for three months at ten cents each, the badge will be sent free. The names may be forwarded not less than 10 at a time, the coupon given below being enclosed with the name of the sender each time, until the number, 25, has been reached. The pin will then be mailed to the fortunate Merry-Go-Rounder.

This offer will hold good for three months from date. It gives a chance to get this beautiful badge in a very easy way, as the quick-witted young members of this organization cannot fail to see.

Not only this, but they may thus enlarge their own numbers, while, at the same time, through their friendly work and influence, they are helping The Blade to extend its circulation.

The pin is of solid silver, with a sword holding in place three leaflets upon which are M. G. R. in raised letters. In smaller characters below are the words Toledo Blade. The shape and about the size are shown in the coupon. It is a beautiful ornament and cannot fail to please. Later on, when received in sufficient numbers it will be sold at a price sufficient only to cover cost of manufacture and mailing.

Toledo Weekly Blade

To be sent with each club of ten subscribers raised by a member of the M. G. R.

Pennsylvania:—Mr. R. M. Humphrey, Fisher, president. Number of members, 28; subject for discussion, "Is Dancing More Hurtful Than Useful, and Why?"

Country Cousin, O.:—"Please may I join the Circle? I'll be good, if I am not seated near A. P. Ril. The idea of his introducing Trilby! Poor girl, if any one ever needed a rest she does; I hope the members will have mercy on her. Montana Bach, you are certainly very selfish to sit there all alone eating trout when there are so many girls in Toledo who—are very fond of trout!"

E. Tennessee, Tenn.:—"I come for the first time. My favorite novelist is Charles Dickens; poet, J. Whitcomb Riley; humorist, Bill Nye; Presidential candidate, Wm. McKinley. I also like the sea tales of Capt. Marryat and W. Clark Russell; the poems of Will Carleton; the humorous writings of Mark Twain, and the financial articles of R. G. Horr in the New York Tribune. I can see nothing in Trilby to go wild over. Oregon Cowboy writes in a sensible way, so do many more of the M. G. R.'s. Let's hear from Puget Sound, Washington; I spent two years there, and know that the people are not the wild, uncivilized characters which some people believe them to be."

Prairie Queen, Iowa:—"How many of you have taken the Chautauqua course? I expect to do so next year, and have already read a good deal. I am a teacher in the primary room in a town of about 1,000 inhabitants, and love my work. I am sure you would laugh to hear some of the expressions which the little tots use. I think it depends on the condition of one's mind whether novels are hurtful or not; I have read many books by the best authors, and have found them very helpful."

Iowa has 40 members at present. Your president is Miss Carrie M. Kepner, of Marengo, and the subject for discussion in your state at present is: "Was the World's Fair a Detriment or Benefit to the U. S.?" Miss Prudence hopes you will send Miss Kepner your views on the subject.

Inda, Michigan:—"I would say to the Raven, I, too, am a lover of Nature, and my home is situated on the wood's edge. I love to hear the birds sing, even the melancholy whip-poor-will. The most beautiful time of year to me is spring, when the woods are in all their glory, and the birds sing from morning till night. I agree with Green, of Nebraska, that a good, old-fashioned spelling match would be an excellent idea; my father presented me with one of Mr. Webster's famous books this spring, and I know how to appreciate it."

Hoosier Schoolgirl, Ind.:—"Dancing and card-playing are both very fascinating and have a tendency to lead young people, especially boys, to a lower level. If a young man gets into the habit of playing cards with his friends, he will soon go wherever he can find companions to join him in the pastime. Girls, if you must play cards, play with your girl friends; many a young man has owed his start downward to a game of cards played in the parlor of a woman friend, and you surely do not wish to be means to such an end. As to dancing, I do not see any harm in that, unless carried to excess; then it is plainly revelry, which the Word of God condemns."

Our Bessie, Illinois: "Emma Schaupf, have you read 'Birchwood' and 'Riverside Museum?' Nana, what a wonderful country you live in! As Thistle says: 'Look out, or you may have company!' In three or four places in the Bible you will find something about dancing; as to novel reading, I think it depends on the novel. Pocahontas, I have read some of Rider Haggard's books, and like them very much; I agree with you about being editor of a nice paper; I am fond of reading, but not quite so fond of music. Lydia and Caleb, come again by all means."

Your spelling was perfect, Bessie; as to the other questions, "time alone will tell."

Lavallette, Texas: "I regret that our state cannot come into the union, for it seems that it is a great field in which to work, and one that needs such work badly. The Epworth and Chautauquan Leagues are doing much here, but may we not hope to surpass these organizations at some time in the near future? It would erect a perpetual and living monument in every state to the untiring efforts of The Blade to disseminate the truth among the people, and to elevate American citizenship."

As Miss Prudence has remarked before, there are now five members in Texas, each in a different town. If each one of the five would make a strong effort to induce one friend to subscribe to The Blade, the necessary ten would be obtained, a president appointed, and Texas admitted most gladly to the "Union."

Juneberry, Nebraska: "We are having early spring out here on the plains. It is only the first of May, but the trees have leaved out, and everything has the appearance of midsummer. The principal agricultural product here is sugar beets, of which a great many are raised, hundreds of men, women and children working on the large beet ranches through the hot summer months."

You are the only member in your town at present; can you not make up a local club of ten and report to your president that Nebraska takes first rank in that class of organization?

Rain-in-the-Face, Missouri: "Forest Maiden, I agree with you about novel reading. Opal, I think some of the girls are too hard on Sam Igotus, but I am glad to see he can grit his teeth and bear it. Shamrock, if you had ever heard a gambler tell how he commenced his downward career by playing a social game of cards, you would see the harm in it. When you go to a dance you will often see some one there with whom you do not care to dance, and they are almost sure to ask you to do so; then you must either violate your own feelings or hurt theirs; and another thing, there is usually liquor to be had at such places and some one to drink it, too. I would like to learn more of West Virginia, and if Mountain Boy will tell me about it. I will respond with a description of my home."

O. Bert, Oregon: "Well, now, I think Sam Igotus just gave his opinion to get the Merry-Go-Rounds to discuss him, knowing that none of them would agree with him. For my part, I had rather have a girl with a good, kind disposition for my wife, than to have all the pretty faces with ill tempers. Like Comet, I do not want a new name for our Circle—this is good enough, and I don't agree with C. O. C. about women's suffrage, thinking that women as a general thing are smarter than men."

Birch, Texas: "I would like to say to Mountain Boy that I do not agree with him in regard to novel reading. I see no harm in reading a novel occasionally, unless it be of the trashy, exciting kind, although I think the time might be employed to better advantage."

Moxie, Pennsylvania: "The Merry-Go-Rounds appears to be gradually resolving itself into a gigantic literary society with its object social and moral as well as intellectual improvement. I think our order has outgrown its name, and would respectfully suggest that of Templar Builders, giving as my reason that we are all builders of our own characters, intellects and positions in life, and are striving in our order to build also a strong, high temple of useful knowledge. As our motto seems somewhat lengthy I would suggest this in its place: 'Be right, do right,' and ask for members' opinions on the subject.

Little Rhody, Rhode Island: "I have been much amused by the discussion with Sam Igotus, and am sure that I for one, would rather have a pretty face than a homely one; and I think pretty girls are just as good tempered as the homely ones."

A. M. T., Ohio: "I do not oppose novel reading altogether, liking to read one occasionally by a good author, and have read David Copperfield and some of Bulwer Lytton's books this winter; I am also very fond of music. This is a lovely section of Ohio; there are great fruit orchards stretching in all directions, and from the ridge one mile south of my home is a pretty view of Lake Erie. The woods are carpeted with wild flowers in full bloom, the fruit trees are in blossom, and the farmers are busy plowing. I quite agree with Opal concerning Sam Igotus and the beautiful girl."

Prairie Flower, Montana: "When last I wrote you I lived in Iowa, but now I come from distant Montana, crossing the Rockies and the wide plains of Montana, Dakota and Minnesota, to tell you a little of the surroundings of my new home. It is in Flathead Valley, near the town of Kalispell, which means Flathead, and is named for that tribe of Indians. The reservation is by Flathead Lake, eight miles from here, and there are many rivers and lakes within a short distance. To the east are the Kootenais Hills, and beyond peep up the snowy peaks of the grand Rockies. We live in a pine forest, but nevertheless enjoy the fine scenery, which reminds me so much of my old home in Switzerland. I think it is lovely to have the pictures of our Presidents, though I fear I shall not have a peep at one for this state. I, too, plead with Susie for our dear Miss Prudence's picture."

Ann Amelia, Illinois: "I do not think a good novel will hurt any one; I think Forest Maiden is mistaken in saying there is no good for any one in them. I have received a great benefit and pleasure from books of Dickens, E. P. Roe's and Miss Alcott's, and I think I can enjoy Dr. Talmage's sermons and Miss Bouton's home talks just as well as if I had never read a novel."

Miss Prudence thanks Inda for the violets, which were still bright and sweet when they reached her.

"LITTLE DIRTY FACE."

We have a little maid at home,
She says, "My name is Dwace.",
To pa and ma she's better known
As "Little Dirty Face."

You scrub and dress that child at ten—
White muslin trimed with lace—
In fifteen minutes, often less,
She's "Little Dirty Face."

But smiles oft break that crust of dirt,
And smiles the dimples chase,
And tender eyes light up with love
That little dirty face.

'Tis naught but superficial dirt,
Which scrubbing will erase,
So ma and pa are rather proud
Of Little Dirty Face.

On tot's small phiz the trouble is
To find a kissing place,
But stay—I see a rose-bud mouth
On Little Dirty Face.

Then come and give that sweet "bear hug,"
Thou little toddling Grace,
Thy soul's as pure as angel's robes,
My Little Dirty Face.

OUR HONOR ROLL.

The three states that were first to respond to the new order of exercises instituted by Miss Prudence for the Merry-Go-Rounds were Michigan, West Virginia and Iowa, represented especially by "Inda," "West Virginian," and "Forest," whose names form our Roll of Honor as being the most wide-awake members in the order, and whose letters are given in Our Young Folks' column to-day.

Michigan, President Lela A. Peterson Brooklyn. Subject, "Ideal Homes."

An "Ideal Home" is one where the love of God reigns supreme; for where there is love there is happiness, and love and happiness belong to my "Ideal Home."

A home where little prattling children bring sunshine and happiness with their smiling faces. A home in the country, surrounded by fields of waving grain and sweet smelling clover; where the air is full of beauty, health and song; where, in the early morn, the mocking bird greets us with his song, and the various other birds warble, each trying to see which can sing the sweetest, and all blending their notes together in one grand melody, and in the distant fields and woodland can be heard the low of the ox, or cow, the bleat of the sheep, or the neigh of a horse—all these have a tendency to make home pleasant.

No home is complete without a library well furnished with good moral reading, and there should be music, so the evenings can be spent in reading and singing.

Would not such a home, surrounded by blooming trees and shaded garden walks, bordered on each side with flowers all nodding a welcome to us as we pass by, be an "Ideal Home?" "The home is the heart of the world," and our homes are what we make them. "INDA."

West Virginia, Mary L. Matlick, Cecil, president. Subject: "Which has the greater influence over man, politics or religion?"

It seems natural for man to follow after something that excites the mind, and what could he find more suitable for this purpose than politics? In the first place all men are members of some political party, even though they have no regard for religion. As a general rule congregations at church are small; at a political meeting—never. We go to some churches and see the congregation cold, formal and uninterested, but perhaps the very next day we see those same people at a political meeting with all coldness and formality vanished, joining heartily in the praises of their political leader.

How often do we see church members attending the outside discussing politics while religious services are being held within? In many instances we will see people at church during a political campaign who probably have not been inside a church house for two years. Some one will remark, Why Mr. —— is at church to-day! Is religion gaining influence over him? Oh, no; he has simply come to talk politics.

About the year 1860, one of the greatest political questions of the United States came to have such an influence over the citizens that it broke out in the greatest rebellion of modern times. Regiments were immediately formed, and when annihilated their places were quickly filled by others.

While the war was in progress our ministers were having a war of tongues and pens over the very same political question that their loyal brethren were fighting over with their swords. The consequence was divided churches. Now, what was the cause of all this? Nothing more nor less than the great and mighty influence of politics over mankind.

"WEST VIRGINIAN."

Iowa:—Carrie M. Kepner, Marengo, president. Subject, "Was the World's Fair a Benefit or a Detriment to the U. S.?"

As to the World's Fair, I think it was grand, but a detriment, financially. The U. S. has the honor; the foreigners the money. The great financial crisis, which was so near at hand, was only made tenfold worse by the carrying away of our money by the Europeans. Also the poor of our land spent money and time there, which they could ill afford. The plea was, "I shall never have another chance to see the foreign exhibits, and I shall go if it takes the last dollar and I go hungry?" Ah! there is many a helpless child that suffers hunger at the hands of such parents. Had I the extra dollars carried back by the foreign element, I could relieve much distress in Western Kansas and Nebraska. Do not think I call the Fair a failure, or that I am not patriotic, or that I do not honor Columbus—for I am a citizen of the United States, my birthplace is here, and a more patriotic person it would be hard to find. But the Fair was, financially, a detriment. —Forest.

OUR WONDER COLUMN

MEMORIAL DAY PUZZLES SENT BY "EM. T. HEAD."

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was born in 1831, and took an active part in the civil war, being one of the most fearless and daring of the Union officers. He won several brilliant victories, and one of his exploits was celebrated in verse by T. Buchanan Read. He was made lieutenant general of the United States army in 1869, and was promoted to the chief command in 1883. He died in 1885.

2.—MISSING WORDS.

** warmth of welcome did they lack,
With ***** both town and country rang;
And then **** heard the bells' loud clang;
And shouts, "These *** the heroes brave,
Who risked their lives *** land to save;
Thank God, who brought our ******* back."

The missing words form a command of Gen. Grant to his men after a Union victory.

3.—INSERTIONS.

Insert a letter in a garden tool, and make an article of wearing apparel; in a drunkard, and make a small ball; in a signal, and make to harvest; in to wait, and make a young matron; in an animal, and make a city; in encountered, and make an article of diet; in an animal, and make a period of time.

The inserted letters spell the name of a general in the late war.

4.—PRINTERS' PI.

"Eyth ghutf ot vige su ceepa, dan ol!
Yteh ndgiae a treebt acepe hnat rose."

5.—QUERY.

Who can tell anything about the author of "The Star Spangled Banner" and the circumstances under which it was written?

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"Bring laurel wreaths and blossoms sweet and rare
To grace their graves who died to save the land?"

Answers to Puzzles of May 16.

1. Alexander Anderson.
2. "Helen," "Belle N. Y.," "Nat," "Mamie," "N. Holt," "J. H. N.," "Bub," "O. J. R.," "U. No. Hoo," "A. Eby," "Len," "J.," "Pauline," "Sid," "Capt. Nemo," "Ida," "Jessie Ray," "Alta," "Creta," "Moxie," "C. M. E.," "W. P. E."
3. Saloon, a loon.
4. Thistle, aster, moss-pink, ham-bane, speed-well.

Answer to Query of May 9, sent by Frances Allen:

"Constantinople was captured by Mahammed II in 1453 and an invasion of Europe was thought to follow. Such was the fear in which the Moslems were held that it was thought only the direct interference of God could save Europe from the advancing hordes, and this bell (the Turk's bell) was rung at noon-time from every steeple, calling all Christians to pray for the overthrowing of the infidels."

S. John Greenleaf Whittier wrote:
"For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

How the Orange Tree Can be Made to Flourish.

A very attractive plant for home decoration, and one that is very popular, is the orange tree, or as it is botanically called, Citrus Aurantinum. The blossoms on this tree last for about two weeks, but when the small oranges begin

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

CONFEDERATES AT HOUSTON.

Winnie Davis, "Daughter of the Confederacy," Given a Reception.

Houston, Tex., May 23.—This city is in holiday attire and its streets are filled with old soldiers who are here to attend the reunion of Confederate veterans. General John B. Gordon, commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, is the principal guest of honor. He is an ex-lieutenant general of the Confederate army, United States Senator from Georgia for over half a score of years, and twice governor of the state.

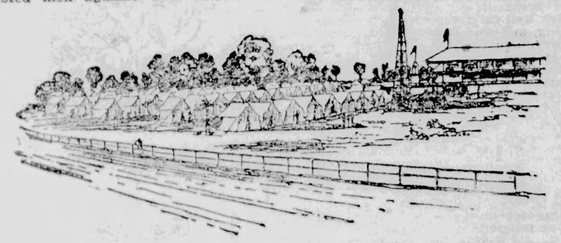
There was a great street parade yesterday and the exercises of the day were begun in the afternoon. Addresses of welcome were made by the governor of the state and mayor of the city. General Gordon responded in an eloquent speech.

At the conclusion of General Gordon's address, committees on credentials and resolutions were appointed, and then General S. D. Lee, as chairman of the historical committee, read his report, which, among other things, said:

GEN. JAMES B. GORDON.

"The true cause of the war between the states was the dignified withdrawal of the Southern states from the Union to avoid the continued breaches of that domestic tranquility guaranteed but not consummated by the constitution, and not the high moral purport of the North to destroy slavery, which followed incidentally as a war measure. As to the war itself and the results of the war, the children of the future would be astonished that a people fought so hard and so long with so little to fight for, judging by what they gather from histories now in use, prepared by writers from the North. They are utterly destitute of information as to events leading to the war. Their account of the numbers engaged, courage displayed, sacrifices endured, hardships encountered, and barbarity practiced upon an almost defenseless people, whose arms-bearing population was in the army, are incorrect in every way.

"A people who for four long years fought over almost every foot of their territory, on over two thousand battlefields, with the odds of 2,864,272 enlisted men against their 600,000 enlisted men, and their coast blockaded and rivers filled with gunboats, with six hundred vessels of war manned by 35,000 sailors, and who protracted the struggle until over one-half of their soldiers were dead from casualties of war, had something to fight for. They fought for the great principle of local self-government and the privilege of managing their own affairs, and for the protection of their homes and firesides.



SCENE OF ENCAMPMENT.

"While the South would detract not one iota from the patriotic motive and endeavor of those opposing them, she intends that the truth of history shall be written by a sympathetic and friendly pen to give due credit for what our ancestors did and for what was done by the South in the war between the states. Also to chronicle the results of that war and its effects upon the South and upon our common country.

"We cannot too strongly urge upon our people the great importance of avoiding as far as possible the purchasing and disseminating of books and literature which are unkind and unfair to the South, which belittle our achievements, impugn our motives, and malign the character of our illustrious leaders."

Reception to Winnie Davis.

At the conclusion of this report, so great was the din, that adjournment was had till 7:30 p. m., and then Miss Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," was introduced.

A wild shout went up that fairly made the enormous building tremble.

WINNIE DAVIS.
"Daughter of the Confederacy."

Never was there such a demonstration. Hats were flying in the air, gray-haired men were cheering and yelling, completely drowning the music made by the band, which was playing the "Bonnie Blue Flag." It had been intended that Miss Davis should grasp each veteran by a handshake, but the utter impracticability of this feature was soon manifest. The masses of old veterans were so overcome with enthusiasm that a wild rush was made for the place where Miss Davis stood, and in an instant she was surrounded by a mass of men, all pushing pell-mell to grasp her hand, and show how happy they were to meet her.

Realizing the danger of such a crush Governor Lowry and several others came to the rescue, extricating Miss Davis from the crush and placed her where she could be seen by all, and bow her acknowledgements. This seemed to suggest to the enthusiastic throng that it was a physical impossibility for Miss Davis to go through two hours of handshaking, and a royal shout greeted her appearance, drowning her utterances, but demonstrating that the children of Jefferson Davis are dear to the hearts of Southerners, particularly those who for four years followed the stars and bars.

At the conclusion of the ovation the crowd dispersed, and Miss Davis was driven to the residence of Judge Masterson, whose guest she is.

Gold in Arkansas.

Fort Smith, Ark., May 22.—A quantity of gold bearing sand has been found in a well in the heart of this city. Prospectors will begin to determine the extent and value of the find. Most of the property adjoining is the property to the school board, and if the find proves to be rich the school fund of the city will be greatly swelled.

THE MEMPHIS CONVENTION.

Sound Money Argument Presented by Secretary Carlisle.

Memphis, May 23.—It is an unusual thing in this country to see a large gathering of business men, bankers, merchants and lawyers representing the capital and business interests of an important section of the republic, called together to discuss a political question from a business standpoint.

The most notable characteristic of the convention for discussion of "sound money and better banking facilities," which met this afternoon, in the Auditorium, is the total obliteration of party lines in its makeup. The 500 or 600 delegates, representing every state, and all of the principal cities of the South, include men holding all shades of political belief, representing every branch of commerce and industry in which the South and the country at large is vitally interested, assembled in the common purpose of carrying on a vigorous campaign in the interest of a financial policy which they believe is necessary to the welfare and prosperity of the country.

The movement in the progress of which to-day's convention marks an important point, took definite shape at a meeting of business men of this neighborhood on April 10 last. At that meeting an organization was effected and a committee of 15 prominent Memphis men was appointed to agitate the holding of a convention of representatives of all the Southern states in this city to discuss the financial question from a sound money point; to stimulate interest in the money question in this section, which had shown decided susceptibility to the growing free silver sentiment; to secure the organization in every city and town in the states represented, of clubs to work in the interest of the sound money campaign.

The convention was called to order at 2 o'clock this afternoon. After organization and the appointment of a committee on resolutions the gathering listened to Secretary Carlisle's address.

Secretary Carlisle's Address.

Mr. Carlisle in the beginning said that the proposition to revolutionize our monetary system and thus destroy credit of government and people at home and abroad, violate the obligations of all contracts, unsettle all exchangeable values, reduce wages of labor, expel capital from our country and seriously obstruct trade of our people among themselves and with the people of other countries, is one which challenges intelligence, patriotism and commercial honor of every man to whom it is addressed. No matter what may be the real purposes and motives of those who make the proposition to legalize free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, there are the consequences involved in their scheme, and in my opinion, cannot be avoided if it should be adopted. In no part of the country will the consequences of such a policy prove more injurious to the material interests of the people than in the undeveloped and progressive South.

I do not charge that our fellow citizens who propose to revolutionize our monetary system really desire to see the business of the country ruined or even injured, but in my judgment, the results would be most disastrous and therefore I appeal to them to carefully review the grounds before it is too late to correct a possible mistake upon a subject of such supreme importance to themselves and their posterity.

Although we have a gold standard in this country our actual stock of gold bullion and coin amounts to only about one-third of our actual currency, a condition of affairs which would have been inconceivable a few centuries ago. Our gold, full legal tender silver, old U. S. notes, treasury notes, bank notes and subsidiary silver coin aggregate $1,804,707,763, exclusive of the minor coin and every dollar of this vast amount is kept equal in value to the standard established by law. This is the financial condition which the advocates of free coinage invite us to now proposed to revolutionize by a change in the standard of value so that the whole mass of circulation for the use of the people would be reduced to about one-half the purchasing power it has now. It is contended by many advocates of free coinage that the effect of their policy would be not to abolish the present standard of value and substitute what they call bimetallism and a double standard. I confess my inability to understand what is meant by double standard, because I cannot conceive how it is possible to have two different legal measures of the same thing at the same time—as for instance a pound weighing sixteen ounces and another eight ounces.

The attempt to coin the two metals with a limit as to amount into full legal tender money and keep both in circulation at the same time has been made by nearly every civilized nation and has failed in every one of them. Our country is not without experience upon this subject and the results here just the same as every one else. All who have been or may be induced to give their support to this revolutionary policy, upon the assurance that it will give the country more money for use in the transaction of business, will be greatly disappointed for they will find, when it is too late, that instead of having more money they will have less and that it will be depreciated in value besides. The introduction into the currency of this country of any kind of money about which there is the least doubt will always operate to drive out the same amount or about the same of better money, and thus leave the people with about the same volume of currency they had at the beginning. Free coinage would absolutely give us a depreciated and fluctuating currency and the question is whether the producers of exportable articles will be benfited by such a result. The character or value of the currency in use in the producing country does not affect the price of the article abroad to any extent whatever. But if our monetary system were so changed that it would require two dollars to purchase here what one dollar will purchase now the exchange with foreign countries would be double, making us pay twice as much in our moneys as now while the foreigner would pay only half as much in his money for the same number of dollars as he pays now. Furthermore the exchange would be a constant state of fluctuation in as it has been between Great Britain and India on account of the changes in the prices of silver from day to day; and the American producer would be compelled to pay for the risk taken on account of the fluctuations by receiving a less price for his products.

To an Associated Press reporter the secretary expressed himself as astonished at the magnitude of the sound money demonstration. "I have the greatest confidence," said he, "in the ultimate success of the sound money movement. The wave of silver sentiment reached formidable proportions, but I think it has about spent itself and is already on the decline.

The committee on resolutions appointed in the afternoon consisted of the following by states:

Alabama, Richard H. Clark; Arkansas, U. M. Rose; Mississippi, Leroy Percy; Louisiana, J. C. Morris; Texas, Rufus Hardin; Maryland, Daniel Miller; Kentucky, John M. Atherton; Georgia, F. H. Richardson; Florida, S. C. Cox; South Carolina, George M. Trenholm; Missouri, George E. Leighton; Tennessee, Josiah Patterson.

When the convention re-assembled at 8 o'clock last evening Judge U. M. Rose, chairman of the resolutions committee, presented the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

The people of the Southern states who believe the maintenance of a sound and stable currency to be essential to the prosperity of the whole country and the welfare of the people in all the vocations of life, do, through their representatives in convention assembled at Memphis on May 23, 1895, make the following declaration of their convictions:

1—We favor a uniform and certain standard of value necessary to the agricultural, commercial and industrial development and prosperity to our country and we favor the maintenance of all our money whether gold, silver or paper on a parity to the end that each dollar, whatever may be its composition, shall have equal purchasing and debt paying power with every other dollar.

2—Profiting by the experience of Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton and the teachings of the great students of monetary science, from the time when John Locke wrote, to the discussion of the present day, we accept the truth of the principle now universally recognized and applied in the commercial world, that the bimetallic standard cannot be maintained where the ratio fixed by law for the free coinage of gold and silver does not correspond with the market ratio of the two metals; and that wherever and whenever the legal, or coinage ratio varies from the market or commercial ratio to any appreciable extent the dollar, whether of gold or silver, which thereby becomes more valuable as bullion than as money, will go to a premium and retire from circulation. We saw this principle applied in our own national experience when, under the act of 1792 which fixed the coinage ratio at 15 to 1, gold retired from circulation because of a slight decline in the price of silver in the open market, whereby the bullion in a gold dollar became worth a few cents more than the bullion in a silver dollar, and was therefore sold as a commodity because it was worth more as bullion than as money, and again under the act of 1834, which fixed the ratio at 16 to 1 when the silver coin retired for a like reason.

We are therefore opposed to the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, when the market or the commercial ratio is more than 30 to 1 and that difference between the bullion value of a gold and a silver dollar is about 50 cents, on the ground that such action, instead of restoring the bimetallic standard, would inevitably result in silver monometallism.

3—At this time there is no country in the world which maintains the bimetallic standard and neither is there any country where the free coinage of silver obtains which is not on a silver basis. Each country, on account of its inability to adopt independently any bimetallic standard must elect for itself which it prefers, the gold or the silver standard. We, therefore, favor, in the absence of international co-operation, the retention and maintenance of the existing gold standard. Because a change from the gold to silver standard would have the effect to repudiate all public and private obligations to the extent of the difference between the bullion value of the gold and silver dollar.

Because whenever such change should be seriously threatened it would cause an immediate attempt at a collection and liquidation of all debts in anticipation of the result it would produce.

Because such transition from the gold to the silver basis would destroy public and private confidence and would involve the country in such panic, confusion and distress that the products of agriculture and the wages of labor would be unremunerative; the business of commerce would become unprofitable and our people engaged in industrial occupations would be thrown out of employment.

Because there is not a progressive, an enlightened country in the world which has not elected gold as the preferable standard.

Because gold standard countries retain silver in their circulation on a parity with gold, whereas there is no silver standard country which can utilize gold as money.

Because there is not a silver country on the globe where the wages of labor are sufficient to sustain the working classes in comfort and independence, and finally

Because the high destiny of the United States demands for the use of the American people that money which experience has taught mankind to be best suited for the promotion of commerce, the development of manufactures, the encouragement of labor and the advancement of civilization.

4—We would rejoice over the adoption of real bimetallism, but in view of the continued fluctuations in the price of silver in the open market we realize that it is impossible for the United States independently to adopt a bimetallic standard, and we deem it unwise and hazardous to the best interests of its people for this country to attempt its establishment. We favor the policy of this country standing in the attitude of readiness at all times to co-operate with the other powers in any effort looking to the adoption of true bimetallism, but in the meantime, and until successful co-operation is assured, to maintain inviolate its existing standard of value.

5—We favor the retention as part of our money, the silver now coined and in order to give a wider field for the use of silver, we favor the coinage of money other than silver and silver certificates below the denomination of ten dollars into higher denominations, so as to make our entire circulation below the denomination of ten dollars, either silver or silver certificates, and to this end, the secretary of the treasury should be authorized by law to coin from time to time as the people may require them, silver dollars until the demand of commerce for money below the denomination below ten dollars is at all times satisfied.

6—We realize that our national banking system was adopted during a time of war, and that it is not adapted to existing conditions. We, therefore, favor such legislation as will secure to the people a system of banking surrounded by such safe guards as will at all times furnish them a safe, elastic and sufficient currency for the transaction of the business.

7—We cannot too highly commend the unflagging courage and sturdy patriotism of President Cleveland in his efforts to protect the national honor and to maintain the public credit during a period of great financial distress, and under conditions which threaten danger to the entire country.

In response to numerous calls Congressman Patterson made a speech on the work of the convention.

At the conclusion of Colonel Patterson's remarks a resolution was adopted authorizing the appointment of a committee of one delegate from each state represented to superintend the distribution of proper literature coming under their control, the chairman of the committee to be a resident of Memphis. The convention then adjourned sine die.

NOT DEAD, AFTER ALL.

Kansas City Doctor Whose Life Insurance Was Paid Is Living.

Kansas City, Mo., May 23.—Dr. George W. Fraker, who was supposed to have been drowned at Excelsior Springs, Mo., in 1893, and who held $58,000 in insurance policies with companies, which have since been ordered to pay his heirs, has been located in Marshville, Mich., where he has been living under an assumed name with a family that claims to be his.

Something in his actions created suspicion in the minds of his neighbors, and finally Charles H. Davis, of that place, conceived the idea of connecting the stranger with the missing Missourian. He communicated with the insurance companies, with the result, it is said, that he has almost positively proved the identity of the man. The most startling resemblance is shown, it is said, and active steps will at once be taken to capture the man who, as yet, is unaware of the fact that he is under surveillance.

NUNS CANNOT TEACH.

Ruled Out of the Public Schools in Texas.

Austin, Tex., May 23.—The state department of education yesterday, on appeal from Victoria county, ruled that nuns cannot teach in the public schools of Texas, and that everything of a sectarian nature must be absolutely eliminated from the public schools. Catholic nuns have been conducting free schools in Southwest Texas, and this puts an end to it.

THE KICKAPOO LANDS.

Oklahoma City, May 23.—All night long last night the road to Sweeny's Bridge on the dege of the Kickapoo country, was crowded with horsemen and vehicles. The dust was stifling as the horses dragged through the deep sand and stumbled over the roots of trees in the road. The crowd had filled the yard at Sweeny's Bridge, and extended back along the road for a mile.

Men slept sitting in the seats of their wagons, while their horses stood up or lay down on the ground on either side of the wagon poles. Not much sleep fell to the lot of the people. Young men drank from their flasks and sang boisterously, dogs barked and horses whinnied, mules brayed and men called back and forth. It was a nightmare of noises.

When day broke, every one got out to cook coffee and hitch up to await the race at the hour of noon. Down the river for miles the boomers were camped on the edge of the bluff leading down to the water of the North Canadian.

Their rush will be most dangerous. Down an eighteen foot embankment across the river, in may places too deep to ford, up to the bank on the opposite side, through a belt of timber and then across the famous Kickapoo flats for the claims. There are many wire fences around the allotments which will have to be cut or jumped.

Before the hour of noon many crossed over the river and entered the country, and their names were jotted down by the honest home seekers who obeyed the law and waited. These galloped along, and far out into the plateau.

OLD TICKET IMPROBABLE.

No Effort on Foot to Make It Harrison and Morton in '96.

Albany, N. Y., May 24.—"I do not believe there is any foundation for the talk that Governor Morton has made an alliance with ex-President Harrison to bring about the nomination of another Harrison and Morton ticket in 1896," said John Palmer, the secretary of state.

"Mr. Morton," he added, "has been Vice-President once, and the office probably has no further attractions for him. Besides, the fact must be considered that he was elected gov-

GOVERNOR LEVI P. MORTON.

ernor of New York in 1894 by the remarkable majority of 150,000, and that his course as governor has been highly satisfactory to his fellow citizens, irrespective of party. I think that, popular as he was when he became governor, he is a much stronger man to-day, for as the chief executive of the state he has carried out the general will in a variety of ways.

"Must as I respect Benjamin Harrison, I am convinced that Levi P. Morton is the logical candidate of the New York Republicans for the Presidency. If he desires the nomination he will have a solid delegation from New York state to the national convention."

GENERAL MINERS' STRIKE.

National Convention This Week May Order One.

Columbus, O., May 25.—The prediction of President Ratchford, of the Ohio miners, that a general strike would be declared at the convention here next week, is thought by persons here posted on the mining situation, to be rather untimely.

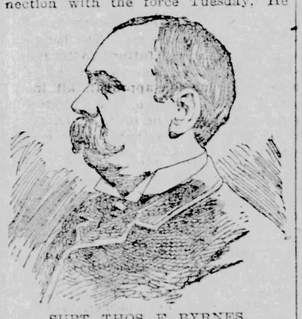
President Penna, of the United Mine Workers, when seen last night, said he did not believe any one could predict the action of the convention. "With all the miners in Illinois and Indiana, and nearly all of those in West Virgina working, and the strike in the Pittsburg district lost, no one can tell what may be done," said Mr. Penna.

In Illinois a settlement has been made conditional upon affairs in Ohio. In Indiana's famous fields a settlement has been made under similar conditions, and in the block fields of that state an agreement has been made for one year. Although the miners' officials have strongly advised against a general strike, there is a sentiment in Ohio in favor of one, and as the Ohio miners will practically control the Inter-state convention to be held here next week, the outlook is anything but assuring.

BYRNES WILL RESIGN.

Rather Than be Put Out, He Will Go of His Own Volition.

New York, May 27.—Chief Thomas Byrnes, of the police department, has decided to resign. It will not surprise his close friends if he severs his connection with the force Tuesday. He



SUPT. THOS. F. BYRNES.

has realized the existence of antagonism to him ever since the mayor appointed the four new police commissioners, and he does not care to fight the new board, so he will take off his shield and retire forever.

INDIANS ARE RESTLESS.

Arizona Citizens Want Uncle Sam to Send More Soldiers There.

Phoenix, Ariz., May 24.—Hon. Oaks Murphy, delegate to Congress, has written the secretary of war that Indians are restless and threatening, and that a feeling of insecurity prevails. He urges the importance of strengthening the military at San Carlos, and in conclusion says: "It seems only just and proper that so long as the possibility of danger exists from the untamed Indian that ample and effective protection should be afforded to life and property. It is my judgment, however, that no Apache war will ever again occur, especially if an adequate military force is maintained at exposed points."

FIGHTING CHINCH BUGS.

Diseased Bugs in Kansas Will Exterminate Their Fellows.

Topeka, Kas., May 27.—The ravages of chinch bugs in the wheat fields of Eastern Kansas have become so destructive that the farmers of many counties are applying to Prof. Snow, chancellor of the state university, requesting him to send them infected bugs with which to stop the work of destruction. Chancellor Snow has thousands of bugs at his labratory which are diseased. To the farmers he sends a few of these bugs inoculated with disease, which are scattered in the fields. The contagion immediately spreads, and the chinch bugs die by the millions.

REGISTRY LISTS WERE STUFFED.

One-Fourth of the Names Expurgated at Kansas City.

Kansas City, May 25.—The board of revision, which has been in session for a week at the recorder of voters office, has stricken from the registration lists 7,400 names of voters out of a total registration of 28,000. These 7,400 names, more than one-fourth of the whole number, were expurgated because the board found them to be fraudulent and fictitious. They formed a part of the almost unheard of ballot frauds which caused so much trouble after the elections last November.

WILL SPEAK TO LABOR.

Gov. McKinley Accepts the Invitation to be at Chicago July 4.

Columbus, May 24.—Governor McKinley has accepted the invitation of the Illinois State Trades and Labor assembly to deliver an address at the labor demonstrations in Chicago on July 4. He has received word that Vice-President Stevenson also will be present.

Can Hang 'Em in Michigan, Now.

Lansing, Mich., May 22.—The Michigan Senate last night passed the Smalley capital punishment bill by a vote of 19 yeas to 12 nays. It provides death by hanging on conviction of murder in the first degree, by means of poison, or inperpectating or attempting to perpetrate rape, arson, robbery or burglary.

St. Louis Strike is Off.

St. Louis, May 24.—The Master Brick Layers' association has received communications from Hod Carriers' unions Nos. 2 and 3, officially declaring off the strike, which began several weeks ago, and affected 1,500 men. Union No. 1 is still out.

LYNCHING IN ILLINOIS.

Mob Feared Altgeld Would Pardon the Criminals, if Imprisoned.

Danville, Ill., May 25.—John Halls, jr., and Wm. Royce, the two young men of unsavory reputation who assaulted Miss Laura Bennett and Miss Lillian Draper, were hanged by a mob to the Gilbert street bridge, the scene of their crime, at 3:30 a. m., today, just as the first streaks of daylight were seen in the East.

At midnight a mob of farmers attacked the Vermilion county jail to secure the two prisoners. Sheriff Thompson denied them admission. The mob procured a telephone pole, and after repeated efforts to break down the outer jail door the crowd momentarily desisted in its efforts. Sheriff Thompson, his wife and Deputy Sheriff Sloan begged them to disperse.

F. V. Barnett, the father of the injured girl, said to Mrs. Thompson: "Madam, you never had a daughter outraged and her blood demands vengeance. His reply was wildly applauded. By this time a railroad tie was secured, and with three blows the outer door was battered in, the besiegers thronged in and commenced work on the inner door.

The police at 2 o'clock brought Judge Bookwalter, the Circuit Court judge, to the jail. He made an earnest, eloquent plea to let the law take its course and not bring disgrace on Vermillion county by the first lynching in its history. He assured the men that Halls and Boyce would receive a severe punishment if found guilty; that the trial jury would do its duty. At first his words produced a telling effect, but the leaders who are among the most prominent men in the county finally replied: "Yes, we know the jury will convict and give them a severe sentence, but Governor Altgeld will pardon them out. He recently pardoned three brutes you sent up from Champaign county for 20 years and he will pardon these men. If any other man than Altgeld was governor we would let lynch these men, but we are determined he will never have a chance to turn them loose."

The mob, having finally got both the men, took them out to a bridge in the east end of town to hang them. On the way to the bridge from the jail a procession was formed, taking the boys through the main street. Halls and Royce both walked with a firm step and a rope around their necks.

Royce wanted to see his father, and a delay followed. His father did not come. Halls said he was not ashamed of what he had done. The man would not jump and they were both thrown over the bridge railing at 3:45 a. m. They dropped 30 feet and death followed, both exiring in fearful convulsions. Their faces were not covered. They hung side by side on the east railing.

"ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA."

Post Named for Gen. Thomas Will Unveil a Monument at Chicago.

Chicago, May 24.—The Confederate monument dedication at Oakwoods cemetery Memorial day, about which such a tempest has been raised, will not be the only monument dedicated in Chicago that day. What may be in a sene a rival demonstration will, it is announced, take place in the northern part of the city. It is possible, by a coincidence, the Oakwoods dedication is in progres in the southern part. George H. Thomas post, No. 5, department of Illinois, G. A. R., of the city of Chicago, will dedicate a monument in a lot owned by that organization in Rose Hill cemetery.

The monument in itself is something out of the usual order. It is formed of a single block of granite, about five feet square and twelve feet high, just as it was blasted from the quarry, save that on a polished shield on one of its sides is carved, "George H. Thomas post, No. 5, Department of Illinois, G. A. R." It represents, in fact, the hero after whom this post was named, George H. Thomas, "the rock of Chickamauga." The stone weighs 33,000 pounds, and as it rests on its base, is the finest monument of the kind in the cemetery.

The address at the dedication will be delivered by Gen. John C. Black, ex-commissioner of pensions under President Cleveland, and in view of the wide comment on the Oakwoods affair, much interest is felt in what he may take occasion to say.

George H. Thomas post for several years has been the largest post of the Grand Army of the Republic its present membership being about 1,200.

ARRAYED AGAINST MATTHEWS.

National Liquor League Will Fight Indiana's Executive.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 24.—The National Liquor league will take a hand in the fight that will be made against the Nicholson temperance law. Robert J. Halle, of Chicago, secretary of the national league, met the officers of the Indiana league and pledged the support of the national organization to the Indiana league in the fight that is coming. In his speech to the officers of the Indiana league, Secretary Halle attacked Governor Matthews for having signed the Nicholson bill. He said that when the governor signed the act he signed his political death warrant. The word had gone out from Maine to Mexico, he said, and the liquor interests would be arrayed against Governor Matthews should he seek the office of President or Vice-President.

The law will go into effect about June 15. Many saloonkeepers are already altering their buildings in compliance with the provisions of the law, which says there must be an unobstructed view of the room from the street.

DON'T WANT FREE SILVER.

Oregon Republicans Are for Sound Money.

Portland, Ore., May 23.—The Oregon League of Republican clubs met yesterday to elect delegates to the national league convention at Cleveland. There were 204 clubs represented by 1,050 delegates. The chief interest centered on the fight over free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. The silverites were very active and confident and entered the convention sure of success. There were no speeches, but the convention got right down to business in voting for delegates. The result was an overwhelming defeat of the ticket, nominated to go to Cleveland to urge free coinage upon the national league.

Oregon will send to Cleveland a full delegation in favor of the maintenance of the present attitude of the party on the financial question. The last gun fired was a resolution to instruct the delegates to demand a free silver resolution at Cleveland, but it was tabled with tremendous applause and the convention promptly adjourned.

THE OHIO GRAPE CROP.

The Destruction by Frost Estimated at $200,000.

Cleveland, May 24.—A full investigation of the damage done by the frost to the great grape belt of Northern Ohio places the loss at about $200,000. The belt extends from Ashtabula, along the shore of the lake, to Sandusky. At the eastern extremity of the belt, vineyards are frozen black and are a total loss for this season, except as the crest of a ridge which extends westward to Cleveland. In Cleveland is approached from the east, the extent of the damage decreases, and it grows steadly less, passing on to the west. The vines about Sandusky and on the Lake Erie islands are not badly injured. East of Cleveland the loss is $150,000.

ELECTION FRAUDS UNEARTHED.

Kansas City Grand Jury Returns Indictments.

Kansas City, May 24.—Among 32 indictments returned by the grand jury yesterday afternoon for various crimes was one against C. S. Owsley, growing out of the election frauds. It is charged that Owsley, as recorder of voters, issued certificates to J. H. Prettyman and J. B. Keslear, knowing that they were based on forgeries, and did not represent the actual vote as returned to his office. The indictment says the commissions were knowingly fraudulently issued. Owsley is already under several similar indictments. He is out of the city at present.

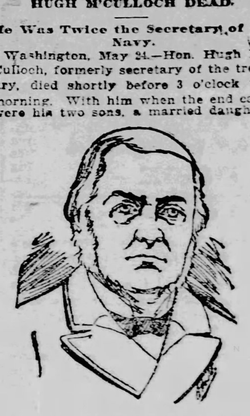
Wages Going Up.

Philadelphia, May 23.—Henry Disston & Co., saw and file manufacturers, notified their 1,750 employes to-day that their wages would at once be increased ten per cent.

HUGH M'CULLOCH DEAD.

He Was Twice the Secretary of the Navy.

Washington, May 24.—Hon. Hugh McCulloch, formerly secretary of the treasury, died shortly before 3 o'clock this morning. With him when the end came were his two sons, a married daughter,



HON. HUGH M'CULLOCH.

and a grandson. Death was calm and peaceful, the patient being for some time before in a comatose condition. Mr. McCulloch was over 80 years of age.

FULTON GORDON A FREE MAN.

Grand Jury at Louisville Dismissed Both Cases Against Him.

Louisville, May 25.—The grand jury, before adjourning, dismissed both cases against Fulton Gordon for the killing of his wife and Archie Dixon Brown, son of Governor Brown, in this city several weeks ago. The prosecution will take no further action in the matter and Gordon is now a free man.

FOREIGN.

CENTRAL AMERICA UNITING

Now John Bull, Come On With Your Bulldozing Schemes.

Washington, May 27.—New treaties of far-reaching importance have recently been made between Nicaragua and Honduras, and official copies have just been received at Washington. The treaties have been in negotiation for some time and were finally put into effect by proclamation on the 15th of last month.

This is the first practical step toward the formation of a Central American nation of the several republics, Nicaragua, Honduras, Salvador and Costa Rica. The first treaty forms a defensive alliance in case of foreign war, and an offensive alliance against common enemies. It obliterates commercial frontiers, so that foreign goods once admitted to one country are free to enter the other. An express provision is made against the possibility of war between the countries by an article requiring differences to be adjusted by arbitration by some government the American continent. Article 53 is the one looking to the union in a single nation, and is as follows:

"The high contracting parties solemnly declare that they can not and will not consider as foreign to the other Central American countries, and that they will labor constantly to maintain the family bonds and the greatest cordiality in their relations, making a common cause with them in case of war or difficulties with foreign countries, and mediating in their international relations. To this end the present treaty will be submitted to their consideration, inviting them to subscribe it as a common contract Americana treaty, until the arrival of the day when they shall be incorporated in a single nation."

The detailed features of the treaty show the closeness of the alliance now formed between Nicaragua and Honduras.

Article XXI binds the governments to "unify their foreign policy, to act jointly in matters concerning Central America, and to endeavor to bring about the same uniformity and harmony with the other governments of Central America."

The article pledging mutual offensive and defensive alliance is as follows:

"Both governments declare that there shall exist between them a defensive, and in case of foreign war, an offensive one against common enemies."

Article IV. arranges a plan of arbitration affecting all Central American states succeeding articles agree on uniform postal, tariff, and other laws, uniform diplomatic representation abroad, etc.

In every way possible the boundary lines are wiped out, and the countries form a complete political union or alliance. Article X. expresses the extent of this union as follows:

"The said contract governments desirous of acting jointly in everything affecting their interests, besides endeavoring to make uniform their foreign policy and to have a common representative before other nations, shall endeavor to agree upon a basis which they shall conclude subsequent treaties with foreign nations and make concessions to steamships, railroads and other companies."

Article V. against war or reprisal, is as follows:

"Should any of the articles of this treaty be violated or infringed in any way, or should any other cause of disagreement between the two republics arise, it is expressly stipulated that neither of the contracting parties shall order or authorize acts of reprisal, nor declare war until all peaceful means of satisfaction or agreement have been exhausted. These means shall be the setting forth in memorials of damages suffered with competent proofs or testimony to be presented by the aggrieved government, and should this satisfaction be denied the decision of the matter shall be submitted to the arbitration of one of the governments of Central America, or of the American continent."

There has been more or less conjecture as to the formation of a Central American nation, but this treaty appears to be the first practical step towards its accomplishment.

PARTICULARS OF MARTI'S DEATH.

Was Shot by a Cuban in the Spanish Army.

New York, May 24.—The World's copyrighted special from Havana says:

Jose E. Marti was shot by a Cuban guide named Antonio Oliva, who was with the government troops. Marti at the moment, was addressing his followers, revolver in hand. He was hit by two bullets, the first wounding him in the chest, the second in the neck.

The vanguard of Col. Sandoval's column of the Herman Cortez cavalry, has captured in the Salado mountains, a white rebel spy named Charles Chacon. He had in his possession letters from Gomez, Marti, Borrero and Masso, also gold and silver coins. Chacon confessed that Gomez and Marti met the parties or bands led by Masso and Borrero. Gomez's escort was commanded by Bellito. All of the cavalry were whites and carried the rebel flag. Gen. Gomez had set out to attempt an invasion of the Camaguay district in Puerto Principe province. The rebels had charged the government troops fifteen times with machetis, when the guide Oliva shot Marti. They made desperate efforts to secure the body.

The captured spy, Chacon, has identified the body as that of Jose Marti. It was buried at Remos ranguas. Gomez fell off his horse. The rebels carried him off by main force. Fourteen rebels were killed. One was an American. The government losses include one sergeant, one bugler and five private soldiers killed, and six wounded. The government troops captured thirty horses with saddles. The operations were directed by Gen. Salcedo.

ARMENIAN REBELLION.

Exact Date for the Uprising Has Not Yet Been Fixed.

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Kars, Russia, May 27.—During the past three weeks I have had unusual opportunity for obtaining additional confirmation of the facts contained in my announcement of the impending uprising of the Armenians in Turkey next month. I have traveled many miles up and down and across the border in search of certain facts, and as a result I have had the satisfaction of actually seeing and handling some of the rifles now being smuggled across the Turkish frontier by the agents of the revolutionary party. Moreover, the plans of the party have been fully explained to me by some of the most active and intelligent of the leaders of the eastern wing of the movement, and I am now entirely satisfied that, unless unforseen and uncontrollable circumstances arise, the uprising will take place as announced.

The exact date of the uprising has not yet been fixed, owing, for the most part, to the fact that the extreme section of the revolutionary party is not ready for active operations. Whether or not the central section will wait for the eastern wing longer than the month of May, I do not know, nor has the matter actually been decided. I am led to believe that the eastern wing cannot be ready for hostilities in May, and possibly not before the first of July.

One of the bitterest things the Armenian revolutionary leaders have to redress upon is the fact that many Armenians act as spies for the Turkish government. It is a melancholy state of things, freely admitted by the Armenians themselves, that hundreds of Armenians can be found to sell out the country and their friends for a purse of silver.

The headquarters of the revolutionary party are in London, and it is from London that the head leader issued his orders to his executive leaders in Russia, Persia and Turkey.

KNIGHTED BY THE QUEEN.

Walter Besant, Henry Irving and Others Thus Honored.

London, May 25.—Among the birthday honors made public yesterday it is announced that Walter Besant, the author, first chairman of the executive committee of the Society of Authors, has been knighted.

Other honors were conferred as follows: Sir Henry Brougham Loch, former governor of Cape Colony, was made a privy councillor; Henry Irving, the actor, Lewis Morris, the poet, and Howard Russell, the war correspondent whose service dates back to the Crimean war, were knighted. The Earl of Aberdeen, governor general of Canada, has had his title raised to the first class.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

FORMOSA'S INDEPENDENCE.

This Adds a New Complication to the Situation in the East.

Shanghai, May 25.—Formosa has declared itself a republic, the flag being a yellow dragon on a blue ground. The governor, Chang Ting Sung, is made president, and has notified the foreign representatives.

Washington, May 25.—The state department has received a cablegram from Mr. Danby, United States minister to China, stating that the island of Formosa has declared her independence; that the powers have been so notified, and that a government, republican in form, has been established in Formosa. This adds a new complication to the situation in the East. Before this government can recognize the Formosan independence it must be shown that a provisional government which can stand has been organized. There are great numbers of Japanese in Formosa, and it remains to be seen what course they will adopt.

CHINA'S PEACE PROCLAMATION.

In Brief, They Surrendered Because They Couldn't Avoid It.

London, May 24.—A dispatch from Tien Tsin to the Times says that an imperial proclamation has been issued announcing the ratification of the treaty of peace between China and Japan. It is declared that the government deeply pondered the advice which has been offered to it to continue the war rather than surrender, but the crisis demanded a decision as no victory has been obtained on sea or land, owing to the incompetence of the leaders, who had only been able to recruit the rabble. The enemy, the proclamation says, were menacing Pekin. The country was in a terrible condition now. The proclamation then goes on to say:

"Could we permit alarms to disturb the dwelling of her sacred majesty? Heaven had not withheld its augury. The sea overflowed the coast and the camps were submerged."

VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY.

British Nobility and Military Observe the Occasion.

London, May 24.—The 76th birthday of Queen Victoria was observed to-day at all the naval and military stations with the exception of the city, by the usual display of flags.

In London the celebration of Her Majesty's birthday will be observed to-morrow with the throwing of rockets at White Hall. Lord Rosebery, the premier, the Earl of Kimberly, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, the Marquis of Ripon, the secretary of state for the colonies, and the Rt. Hon. Henry Fowler, secretary of state for India are to give full dress dinners at their respective office.

EARTHQUAKE IN GREECE.

Fifty Persons Killed in a Disaster at Paramythia.

Constantinople, May 25.—Word has reached this city of a disaster from an earthquake in the town of Paramythia in the province of Epirus, which is a part of Albania. Paramythia is a small town of about 3,000 inhabitants. The town is divided into the upper and lower town, and has an old castle garrisoned by Turks, and the remains of ancient walls. It is a Greek bishop's see. Nearly all the houses in the town have been destroyed and fifty persons were killed and one hundred and fifty injured by the earthquake.

RUSSIAN BEAR GROWLING.

Japan Ordered to Immediately Recall Troops at Korea.

St. Petersburg, May 23.—It is stated here that the Russian government has declined to agree to the military occupation of Korea by the Japanese forces, and demands that the government at Tokio recall the garrisons stationed there.

Trying to Sell the Panama Ditch.

Colon, May 25.—It is reported here that the new French company which has been pushing the work

WASHINGTON.

WAR VESSELS AT KIEL.

England Has the Largest, but Uncle Sam the Swiftest.

Washington, May 25.—The naval demonstration at Kiel, on the occasion of the opening of the Baltic canal, according to the present programme, promises to eclipse anything of a like nature ever witnessed in Europe. A table, prepared by the naval intelligence office, shows that in addition to the numerous fleet of Germany, there will participate in the naval parade no less than 45 warships from foreign countries, representing every type from the stately battle ship to the little gunboat and torpedo cruiser. As might be expected, Great Britain easily takes the lead in tonnage, although Italy will send one more ship, the British fleet numbering eight ships, while the Italians send nine. The British vessels have a total tonnage of 69,310, as against 58,351 for the Italian ships. The British also have the largest vessels, sending four monster battleships, each of 14,150 tons, nearly 400 tons larger than our own nine battleships of the Indiana class.

Next to Italy and third in the list in tonnage comes the United States with the armored cruisers New York and the cruisers Minneapolis, Columbia and Marblehead aggregating 25,039 tons. If Great Britain and Italy can boast the largest and most powerful ships the United States can easily claim the championship in point of speed, for no foreign ship comes near the peerless Minneapolis with her record of 23,073 knots, even the fleetest torpedo vessel at the show, the Italian Aretusa, scoring but 20.7 knots at her best.

Russia stands number four in the list of tonnage with three ships.

France makes the worst showing, with only 18,798 tons.

Spain presses France closely with three ships.

Austria has four ships with a tonnage of 13,890.

Norway sends two ships of 1,693 tons in all.

Roumania is close behind with two ships of 1,653 tons.

Denmark will have two protected cruisers in line; total tonage, 2,600; and Portugal and Turkey will have only one ship each, the former being the armored cruiser Vasco Da Gama of 2,422 tons and the latter the cruiser Heybet Nouma of 1,960 tons.

TESTING THE TARIFF LAW.

The Lawyers See Another Big Leak in Revenue.

Washington, May 22.—There has been serious talk to-day of testing the constitutionality of the tariff law, as altered by the omission of the income tax. There seems to be no doubt that cases involving this question will be brought before the court as soon as possible.

The importers who find the duties on the goods they import raised by the law, and the whisky men with the internal revenue tax increased, may join together to test it, while the manufacturers who find the reductions of duty in almost every schedule of the law interfering with the sale of their products will probably combine to fight the tariff law.

There are many lawyers who hold that there is here a very good case, and several able legal lights are panting to enter into such a contest, hoping for glory and remuneration.

Another interesting point raised by the decision is whether the $346,908,736.56 paid the United States under the former income tax law during the years 1863 to 1872 must not now be refunded.

Two points would operate to prevent this, one being the statute of limitations, the other the fact that the former income tax law had been declared constitutional by the supreme court then existent.

JUSTICE FIELD.

He Will Stay the Present Administration Out if Life Lasts.

Washington, May 27.—There is disappointment in store for the advocates of an income tax at any cost. Justice Field has heard that they expect him soon to retire and thus give place to a successor who would favor such a law. Speaking to friends about this, Justice Field remarked that from the present outlook Justice Jackson would be the first to be retired from the bench, and that because of his age it looked as if he (Justice Field) would be the next to go. "But I will not leave the bench," he said, with earnestness, "if the Lord gives me life and strength, so long as the present administration is in power. The appointment of a successor to Justice Jackson cannot change the standing of the court upon the income question, so that there is no danger of the law being declared constitutional through such means. A judge appointed to succeed me might be so selected as to make sure that he viewed the income tax law as a constitutional measure. But, as I have said, if I am given life and strength I will remain on the bench throughout this administration."

WAR ENDED IN '65.

Regulars Who Served in '66 Not Entitled to Pensions.

Washington, May 23.—A decision of considerable importance has been made by Assistant Secretary Reynolds, of the interior department, in the pension case of John Barleyoung, late of company E, Thirteenth United States Infantry. Barleyoung served from April 19, 1866, to April 19, 1869, and claimed a pension under the pension law on the ground that the war did not end until the issuance of President Johnson's proclamation on August 20, 1866, declaring it at an end. The assistant secretary holds that the actual termination of hostilities was in July, 1865, and adds: It is not believed that Congress intended to pension those whose rendition of service, military or naval, had no connection whatever with the belligerent operations of the war, was not upon the theater of the conflict and had nothing to do with the objects and purposes of the war.

GOLD AND SILVER PRODUCTION.

Former Increasing and the Latter Diminishing in This Country.

Washington, May 23.—The director of the mint, in a statement made public yesterday, estimates the production of gold by the mines of the United States approximately during the calendar year 1894 to have been 1,910,000 fine ounces of the coining value of $39,500,000, an increase over 1893 of $3,000,000, which is the largest amount produced in any year since 1878. The production of silver from the mines of the United States is estimated to have approximated in 1894 49,500,000 ounces of the coining value of $64,000,000, showing a decrease, as compared with 1893, of 10,500,000 ounces.

GEN. COGSWELL DEAD.

Massachusetts Congressman Expired at Washington.

Washington, May 22.—Representative William Cogswell, of Massachusetts, died at 1:35 a. m., from kidney trouble at his apartments in this city. He had been failing rapidly during the day, and as night came on it was apparent to his family that he had but a short time to live. Much of the time his breath came only in gasps, though the end was calm and peaceful.

General Cogswell has been incapacitated for Congressional work for about six months, and was not seen in his seat during the last session of the 53d Congress. The arrangements for the funeral have not been completed.

ADMIRAL MEADE'S SUCCESSOR.

Admiral Ramsey Wants It and Wants It Badly.

Washington, May 24.—It has been stated that the delay in filling the vacancy in command of the North Atlantic station resulting from Admiral Meade's retirement was due to the desire of the President to have Capt. Robley D. Evans made chief of the bureau of navigation to succeed Admiral Ramsey, the station for which Capt. Evans has applied.

Admiral Ramsey wants the command, and Secretary Herbert desires him to remain as chief of the bureau of navigation. The secretary's wishes may be carried out, and probably will be heeded, in which case it is believed that Commodore Selfridge, now the ranking commodore, or Admiral Walker, may be given command of the squadron.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HABEAS CORPUS DENIED.

Supreme Court Denies the Application of Eugene V. Debs.

Washington, May 27.—The U. S. Supreme court to-day denied the application of Eugene V. Debs, the strike leader, for a writ of habeas corpus.

Sees Ruin and Disaster for the Working People in the Future.

Terre Haute, May 28.—President Eugene V. Debs, of the A. R. U., whose appeal case was acted upon yesterday by the United States Supreme court, was seen at his home last night and said: "I know only of the the decision as it appears in the evening dispatches and assuming that it is correctly reported, it appears the case was not decided upon its merits, but that it was found that the Circuit court, having final jurisdiction, its act was not reviewable by the Supreme court and therefore the writ was denied. I expected a favorable decision, but I am not disappointed. After the decision by that tribunal upon the income tax bill, I am not at all surprised to see the decision of the lower court affirmed in our case. Both decisions are absolutely in the interest of the corporations, syndicates and trusts, which dominate every department of the federal government, including the Supreme court.

"Every federal judge now constitutes a czar. The decision of the Supreme court has crowned and capped them and given them autocratic sway. They can now issue any kind of injunction restraining any man from doing anything, and then deprive him of his liberty after simply going through the farce of hearing before the same judge issuing the injunction. I shall abide by the decision with perfect composure, confidently believing that it will hasten the day of public ownership, not only of the railroads, but of all other public utilities. I view it as the death knell of the wage system. In the long run, this decision will prove a blessing to the country."

GAIL HAMILTON SINKING.

She Has Suffered a Relapse and is Unconscious.

Washington, May 28.—Miss Dodge is now in a very low condition as a result of a relapse yesterday. She is much weaker than at any time since she was stricken down with paralysis. No new complications have appeared in her case, but she is now almost continually unconscious.

EXCLUSION ACT SUSTAINED.

Supreme Court Denies a Writ of Habeas Corpus to a Chinaman.

Washington, May 28.—The Supreme court of the United States yesterday made a most important ruling upon the administration of the Chinese exclusion laws, by affirming the refusal of the United States district court for the northern district of California to grant an application for a writ of habeas corpus made by Lem Moon Sing, who was barred from entry by the collector of the port of San Francisco.

Lem Moon Sing was a member of the wholesale drug firm of Kee San Tong & Co., of San Francisco, and in January, 1894, went to China. He returned in November of the same year, and the collector at San Francisco refused to admit him, although he furnished the testimony of two creditable witnesses showing that he had been engaged in business as a merchant for two years before leaving the country. Application was made to the district court for the northern district of California for a writ of habeas corpus. The writ was denied and an appeal taken to the Supreme court. Justice Harlan, in the opinion delivered by him for the court, rested the case upon the statute providing that the decisions of immigration or customs officers refusing admission to aliens shall be final unless reversed on appeal to the secretary of the treasury.

TALK OF AN EXTRA SESSION.

Congressman Updegraff Says That Cleveland Will Call One.

Washington, May 28.—Congressman Updegraff, of Iowa, who is here, has information, it is claimed that the President intends to call an extra session of the 54th Congres early in October. Mr. Updegraff says he got his pointer from leading Democrats who are in close touch with the administration. He said further that the extra session would be asked to appropriate or make some other provision for raising revenue to run the government.

Confederates Going Chicagoward.

Washington, May 28.—A special Pullman car left the B. & O. depot at 11:30 this morning to attend the dedication of the Confederate monument there on Decoration day. Among the memebers of the party were Gen. Wade Hampton, Gen. McButler, Gen. Henry Heth, Gen. L. L. Lomax, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Gen. Eppa Hunton, Col. Washington, Gen. Cassell, Maj. Albert Akers, Capt. H. B. Littlepage and Mrs. Littlepage, Maj. Robt. W. Hunter, Maj. Holmes Conrad and Col. J. B. Ervin, Mr. Robertson and Mr. J. W. Drew.

MURDEROUS CATTLE THIEVES.

Operations of a Band Discovered in Maries County, Missouri.

St. Louis, May 27.—A thrilling story of a daring murderous gang of cattle thieves, infesting Maries county, Missouri, came to light to-day by the lodging in jail of Louis Daniels, aged 20 years.

Daniels's home is in Spring Creek, Maries county, and he is the scion of a good family. He was arrested at Shipman, Macoupan county, Illinois, Friday on a charge of being a member of the thieving gang which terrorized Maries county for months. Cattle was their chief plunder. The gang was composed of twelve men, and some of the best citizens of Maries county are involved. At night the gang sallied forth to "round up" all cattle found loose. They were driven to a secluded spot where a slaughter house had been erected. The bodies were quartered up and got into condition to be shipped to St. Louis and other large cities to be sold.

The disappearance of hundreds of cattle finally aroused the farmers, and they organized to hunt down the thieves. A well known citizen of Maries county disappeared mysteriously. A search for him resulted in the finding of his body, and the condition he was in revealed that he had met with foul play. The investigation that followed led to the finding of the slaughter house in the hills, not far from where the body of the murdered man had been found.

GEN. SWAIN DEAD.

Was a Noted Journalist and Soldier and a Colleague of Horace Greeley.

Sing Sing, N. Y., May 28.—Gen. Jas. B. Swain died at his home in this village yesterday, aged 75 years. He was associated with Horace Greeley in the publication of the Log Cabin, and subsequently was employed under Greeley on the staff of the Tribune. He and Bayard Taylor were rival reporters on several notable occasions. His army career was highly creditable.

Here's a New Trust.

Pittsburg, May 23.—The eight saddlery hardware manufacturers of the United States met here yesterday to form a combination to decrease expenses and put up prices. Nothing was accomplished, however, and the meeting will be continued this afternoon.

A CHICAGO STRIKE.

All Brick Yards Shut Down and Fifteen Hundred Men Are Out.

Chicago, May 23.—The brickmakers' strike has reached the point where a total paralysis of all building operations in Cook county is threatened. Every union brickmaker in Cook county quit work, and the strike managers declare that no brick will be made or moved until the wage question is finally settled, and an uniform scale of wages adopted by all the brick manufacturers in the city and vicinity.

The large manufacturers, representing seven-eighths of the anual output, have declared in favor of the scale demanded by the workmen. They say no attempt will be made to resume operations until the uniform scale is adopted. The fight is directed against the Weber La Bahn company, and twenty smaller firms on the north side, which steadily have refused to join the association or to pay the union scale.

The non-union yards have been compelled to shut down. The yards are besieged by strikers, who say they will see none of the brick is marketed. The bricklayers' union has declared in favor of a boycott on all but union-made brick. The fight promises to be long and obstinate, as both sides declare they will not give in if the strike lasts all summer. About 1,500 men are cut.

MINERS' STRIKE ENDED.

President Blatchford Explains Why the Ohio Strike Failed.

Pittsburg, May 24.—The miners' officials practically gave up the strike last night and advised the men to go to work for the 60 cent rate if they could get it.

In the Pan Handle district a mass meeting was held of 2,000 miners. They were divided on the matter of continuing the strike for the 69 cent rate and the officers then told them the strike was lost, and that they had better return to work before they were forced to sign ironclad agreements such as were made on the Wheeling division. As a result all the mines within a radius of ten miles of Carnegie will resume to-morrow morning at the 60 cent rate. About 8,000 men are employed in this district.

An attempt was made to hold a meeting at Turtle Creek at the De Armitt mines, but just when the meeting got started, the leaders were served with an injunction issued a year ago, and which has never been rescinded. The union miners promptly retired.

CATHOLIC CRUSADE IN CLEVELAND

Meetings Will Soon be Commenced on Street Corners and Curbs.

Cleveland, O., May 24.—Catholic missionary workers are about to start a movement of the greatest importance among the masses of population in this city. It might be called a Catholic Salvation Army movement, except that some of the odd features of the Salvation Army will be omitted. The missionaries have the indorsement of Bishop Horstmann, of this diocese, to the plan of street work, and meetings will soon be begun on the street corners and curbs. An organization will be formed, and as soon as practicable will be made national and extended to all the great cities of the country. So enthusiastic are the local Catholic clergy that several will resign from their parishes to engage in the street work.

AN HEIR TO MILLIONS.

Widow Who Keeps a Candy Store Can Now Keep a Carriage.

Kingston, N. Y., May 22.—Mrs. Sarah Stephan, an aged widow of this city, has reason to believe she has become the rightful heir to a fortune which is estimated at $28,000,000. For the last eight years she has kept a small candy shop on Broadway here. Michael Haver, her brother, who recently died in England, left this vast estate. Years ago the Haver family lived in New York. At the age of sixteen Michael ran away from home and from that time to his death, a few months since, he had not been heard from. He seems to have gone to Australia and made his fortune in gold mining and his sister lately heard of his death. He was never married and Mrs. Stephan is the only near relative living.

VIRGINIA MINERS RESTLESS.

Plenty of Men at Work, but Strikers Threaten Trouble.

Pocahontas, Va., May 27.—The southwest Virginia Improvement Co., claims that their force to-day is larger than before the strike. Eighty-two new men were shipped to Crozlers, W. Va., last night to begin work there to-day. The miners at that point are said to be bent on using all means in their power to prevent mining. McDowell county officials are watching the situation and they say they will protect miners and operators in their legal rights. Few miners left here this morning to attend the barbecue at Kimball, W. Va. Delegate Lawless leaves to-morrow to attend the convention of miners at Columbus on the 29th.

TROUBLE AMONG CREEKS.

Mob Seizes Two Tribal Officers and Demands an Accounting.

Red Fork, I. T., May 27.—Late news from Okmulgee, the capital of the Creek Nation, states that Principal Chief L. C. Perryman and Sam Grayson, treasurer, were seized by a mob while in a room at their hotel at Okmulgee, and carried by force to the council house, and held to account for some money which they are accused of paying out without authority. It is feared that much trouble will arise, as it is reported that armed men from various parts of the country are gathering at the capital.

HARVEY WILL MEET HORR.

Author of Coin Will Have Another Tilt on Finance.

Chicago, May 28.—W. H. Harvey, the author of "Coin's Financial School," has the challenge to meet Hon. Roswell G. Horr, of New York, in debate. The question to be argued is whether or not the cardinal facts stated in Mr. Harvey's book are true. The time and place of the debate have not as yet been selected. The remarks of both men will be taken down by a stenographer and will be published.

STRIKERS NOW SUPPLICANTS.

Two Men for One Job the Condition in Pittsburg Coal Fields.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 27.—There was a general resume to work in the mines in this district this morning, the strike being declared lost by the United Mine Workers' officials. The strikers are trying to get their former places back again. The majority of the River mines have closed down owing to low water and there are plenty of miners for all the work. This may lead the operators to take advantage of their victory to dictate terms to the men.

KNOWS TAYLOR'S WHEREABOUTS.

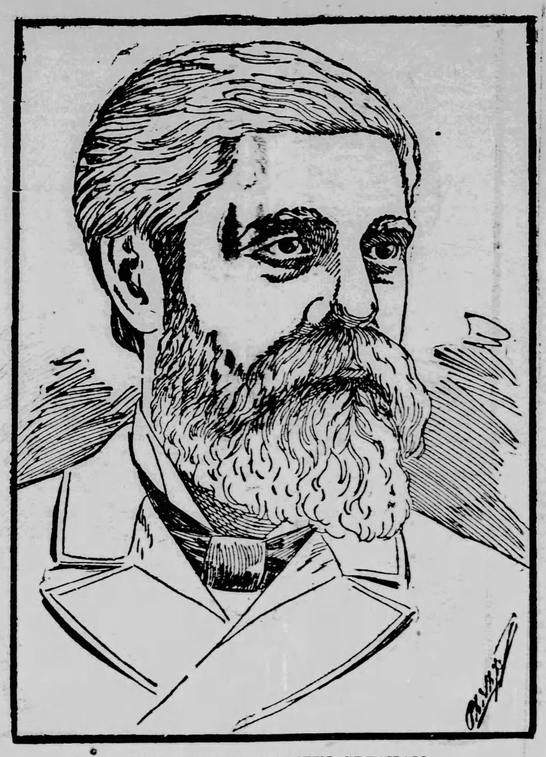
Dakota Man Will Reveal the Defaulting Treasurer for Cash.

Redfield, S. D., May 24.—Fritz Arnold, formerly of Spink county, S. D., has written to a Redfield lawyer from Des Moines, Iowa, to find out if the reward of $20,000 for defaulting ex-State Treasurer Taylor is still open. He says he can produce the missing man at any time providing he has assurances that he would get the reward.

"WELL, HERE'S TO YOU!"

Anti-Treating Law Killed by the Michigan Senators.

Lansing, Mich., May 28.—By a vote of 15 to 12 the Senate of the Michigan legislature yesterday afternoon killed the Waite anti-treating bill, which last week passed the House, by striking out all after the enacting clause. The Senators believed the bill to be unconstitutional and an infringement upon personal rights of individuals.



HON. WALTER QUINTIN GRESHAM.
Secretary of State.

SECRETARY GRESHAM DEAD.

NATION LOSES A DISTINGUISHED JURIST AND STATESMAN.

Story of Mr. Gresham's Life—Essentially a Self-Made Man—His Early Education Prevented by Poverty—His Record as a Soldier—Distinguished Himself Upon the United States Circuit Bench—Universal Grief.

Washington, May 28.—Secretary Gresham died at 1:15 this morning at his rooms at the Arlington Hotel. All hope of his recovery was practically abandoned when his spell occurred shortly before 6 o'clock last evening. The most powerful stimulants known to medical science, nitro glycerine and digitalis, were injected periodically and an infusion of normal saline solution was made through an opened vein in the arm. He recovered slightly, but owing to severe rigors shortly before 11 o'clock, he began to fail rapidly and his vitality began to ebb. The three physicians saw that the end was near and at 12 o'clock withdrew to the ante room, leaving in the sick chamber only the members of his family, Mrs. Gresham, her daughter Mrs. Andrews and son-in-law, Mr. Andrews, and the nurses. Up to that time he had been conscious and talked at intervals. His words were full of bravery. He fully appreciated his condition and spoke words of hope and cheer to his stricken wife and daughter. Sometimes his mind wandered slightly and went back to the days of long ago, recalling incidents of love and happiness in the spring-time of life. He spoke, too, of his absent son and his private secretary, Mr. Landis, whom he loved as a son and like his son was speeding to his bedside all too late. But just before the physicians retired he ceased speaking, though he appeared to be conscious. Mrs. Gresham sat at the bedside smoothing his fevered brow and occasionally reading to him from Bible passages which he loved. As the end approached his pulse became hardly perceptible. Gradually his eyes glazed and closed. But Mrs. Gresham with noble and heroic fortitude continued to read the words of the Gospel to her departed husband. Her daughter and son-in-law stood with bowed heads at the side of the couch. At 1:15 o'clock his breathing ceased; a peaceful shadow passed over his pale countenance; his pulse flickered and the sorrowing family were in the presence of death. One of the nurses conveyed the news that the end had come to the physicians in the next room and they, in turn, broke it to the watchers in the reception room. Those present in the reception room were Secretary and Mrs. Lamont, Secretary Herbert, Assistant Secretary of State Uhl, and Assistant Secretary of State McAdee and First Assistant General Jones, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Hamlin, Attorney General Olney, Col. Corbin, of the army, and Private Secretary Thurber. In the hotel lobby outside were half a hundred of the secretary's friends.

Story of His Life.

In his life Walter Quinton Gresham was a soldier, a judge and a statesman, eminent and distinguished in these three great fields of human endeavor. He rose to the rank of major general of volunteers during the rebellion. He was for fourteen years United States circuit judge for Illinois and held three cabinet portfolios—postmaster general and secretary of the treasury under Arthur and secretary of state under Cleveland.

Gresham came from English stock. His ancestors moved to Virginia and later to Harrison county, Indiana, where he was born on St. Patrick's day, 1832. In 1833 Gresham's father was elected sheriff and the next year was murdered by a noted desperado, whom he had gone to arrest. His mother was left a widow with five small children. Walter Q. was but two years of age when his father was killed. Walter grew up with but two or three years' winter schooling, until he was sixteen years of age. By dint of hard work and the assistance of his brother, he succeeded in entering the seminary at Corydon. Two years there and one at Bloomington university completed his education so far as schooling was concerned. He began the study of law under Judge W. A. Porter, one of the noted characters of Southern Indiana, while acting as deputy clerk, and in 1854 entered into partnership with Thomas C. Slaughter, an eminent lawyer of that time and afterwards judge of the circuit court. In 1855 the Republican party was formed, and with it Gresham at once allied himself. In the law Gresham had gained a good reputation as a careful, painstaking lawyer.

With the first shriek of war's alarm Governor Morton appointed him lieutenant colonel of the 38th Indiana, but before he saw active service he was appointed colonel of the 53d in December, 1861. Gresham's regiment was ordered to join Grant after Donalson. August 11, 1863, he was appointed brigadier general on the recommendation of Grant and Sherman and placed in command of the Natchez district. In the following spring he was placed in command of the division of the 17th corps of the Tennessee, which took part in the campaign against Atlanta. At Leggett's Hill, before Atlanta, he was struck by a sharpshooter's bullet just below the knee. To the day of his death Gresham never recovered the full use of his limb.

The war over, General Gresham returned to his profession, forming a law partnership at New Albany, Ind. In 1868 he was nominated for Congress against M. C. Kerr, but the district was heavily Democratic and he was defeated. When General Grant became President he appointed him United States district judge for Indiana. When Postmaster General Howe died in April, 1883, Gresham, then holding court at Evansville, was tendered the cabinet position by telegraph and accepted. Near the close of Arthur's term, on the death of Secretary Folger, he was appointed secretary of the treasury, a position held until October, 1884. President Arthur, who had taken him from the bench, had the satisfaction of restoring him to the bench at the close of his service, by appointing him to succeed Judge Drummond.

In 1888 Judge Gresham was made a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency at the Chicago convention.

His liberal views on the tariff created against him the antagonism of the extreme protectionists at Chicago. Judge Gresham, with other Republicans, openly dissented from the McKinley law and in 1892, after the nomination of Mr. Cleveland by the Democratis, he with other distinguished Republicans renounced their allegiance to the Republican party and advocated Mr. Cleveland's election. After Mr. Cleveland was elected in February, 1893, he summoned Judge Gesham to Lakewood, N. J., where after a consultation he tendered him the position of premier of the cabinet he was forming. Judge Gresham assumed the duties of secretary of state on March 7, 1893.

Gresham was a man of action more than of study, and yet he found time for wide reading. He possessed a thorough and minute knowledge of the history of the government and the country, of the various measures of the various administrations, of the great debates, and the men who shaped and influenced legislation in their day, many of whom are now forgotten. He understood the relation of this country to foreign nations thoroughly, and as secretary of state sought to apply the principles of justice to international controversies, as he would from the bench to individuals.

In appearance Gresham was somewhat slender; in youth remarkably so; six feet tall, his black beard and hair turned to iron grey. His eyes were hazel, full and large, with the power "to threaten and command," but soft and amiable in familiar conversation. His voice was pleasing, and consorted well with his habitual demeanor, which was quiet and modest. As a man he was kind, generous and frank. He was a social and approachable. It was in his home life that he was most to be admired. In 1858 he married Miss Matilda McGrain, the daughter of Thomas McGrain, a man of Scotch-Irish descent. A son and a daughter were born to them, who live in Chicago. He was devoted to his wife and children. This side of his life the public knew nothing of, but it furnishes the best key to his nature and character. In the glare of the public footlights, tinsel and glitter pass for gold. In the soft glow of the fireside the heart is revealed.

"If you would see fair Melrose right
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
The glad beams of the fretsome day
Guilds but to float its ruins gray."

SERVICES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

President and Cabinet Officers Will Accompany the Body to Chicago.

Washington, May 28.—The main details of the funeral services were decided upon at a meeting of the cabinet this morning. At the conclusion of the meeting, Secretary Lamont made a statement of funeral arrangements.

The remains of the secretary will be taken from the Arlington Hotel to the executive mansion to-morrow and placed in the east room, where funeral services will be held at 10 o'clock. They will be conducted by Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal church. Seats will be reserved for the members of the diplomatic corps, the members of the United States Supreme court, such Senators and members of Congress as may be in the city, and the chiefs of the war and navy departments.

At the conclusion of the service the remains will be escorted to the B. & O. station by all the troops and marine stationed in this city and at Fort Meyer, Gen. Thomas H. Ruger in command. A special train will convey the remains to Chicago, where interment will take place.

The President and all the members of the cabinet will accompany the remains to their last resting place. Secretarys Carlisle, Herbert, Lamont, Smith, Morton, Attorney General Olney and Postmaster General Wilson will act as honorary pall bearers at the funeral, and the body bearers will be a squad of marines from the marine barracks in this city.

The funeral train will leave immediately and arrive in Chicago Thursday. The ceremonies in that city will be held on Friday. It has not been decided in what cemetery the secretary will be buried, nor where the service in Chicago will be held.

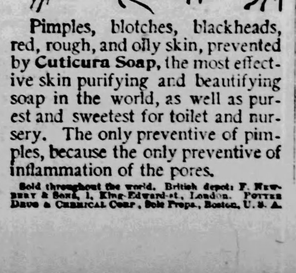
The casket was brought to the Arlington during the afternoon and the remains placed therein.

The plate bears the inscription: "Walter Quintin Gresham. Born March 17, 1833. Died May 28, 1895."

N. P. Won't Cut Wages.

Milwaukee, May 23.—Receiver Payne says that the report that wages of employes on the Northern Pacific at Brainard, Minn., have been cut 10 to 25 per cent is untrue; that no wages of any of the employes of the company have been cut, and that no reductions are contemplated.

PIMPLES



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FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, INFLAMMATIONS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN. A FEW APPLICATIONS ACT LIKE MAGIC, CAUSING THE PAIN TO INSTANTLY STOP.

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD."

AUGUSTA, GA.

DR. RADWAY: I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market without effect, when I finally grew worse, and a friend advised me to try your Ready Relief. I did so, applying to my ankle and knee, and, to my surprise, was able to resume my duties next morning. My trouble was Rheumatism of long standing. I shall never be without R. R. R. or its weight in gold. My mother was cured by R. R. R. in two hours of rheumatism in her shoulder. W. H. COOPER, of Cooper & Eve.

INTERNALLY.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, nausea, vomiting, sensickness, palpitation of the heart, chills and fever.

Price 50c Per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

JOKE ON HIS FATHER.

Hanged Himself in Presence of Sorrowing Parent.

Hicksville, O., May 22.—Tuesday afternoon Frank Hale, a youth of some twenty-two summers, after having had a few words with his father, repaired to the barn in the rear end of the lot, and securing a rope, he tied one end of it around his body, just under his arms, and then pulled the other end up under his coat and tied it to an overhanging beam, and then placing himself upon a box he awaited the arrival of his father. When the old gentleman arrived upon the scene he dropped his head and leaped from the box. His father was not slow to comprehend the situation and at once hastily procured a barrel stave and proceeded to apply it with such vigor upon his disobedient son's back that he soon realized that the joke was upon himself instead of his father.

SHEERIN IS AGAINST SILVER.

Secretary of the National Democratic Committee for Gold Money.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 24.—S. P. Sheerin, secretary of the Democratic national committee, announced in an interview here that he was for gold money. "I feel that Indiana will come around all right on the currency question," he said. "I mean by that that I believe the state will stand for honest money, for I am an 'honest-money' Democrat. I take no stock in this agitation for the free coinage of silver. I believe the craze will soon have run its course. I have a great deal of faith in the people; I believe they usually come around to the right thing. It is fortunate for the Democrats of Indiana that we do not have an election in this state this year. The party, I believe, will get right on the money question by next year."

TWO'S COMPANY; THREE'S NONE.

Two Widows of a Bigamist Agree to Divide and a Third Appears.

San Francisco, May 24.—The estate of a dead bigamist is causing trouble in the Probate court. When David Jaffe died letters of administration were issued to his widow, Annie Jaffe. In another department of the Probate court letters were issued to Fabie Levin, of Philadelphia, widow of Louis Levin, upon the sale of the property. When the two found out that they had the same husband they quietly divided the estate between them. Now the widow of A. Leven, another alias by the same man, claims a share of the estate which has been distributed.

Money, Crops, Trade.

MIXED REPORTS OF DAMAGE TO THE WHEAT CROP.

Just an Enthusiastic Desire to Buy Has Forced Prices Up.

New York, May 25.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says to-day:

If wheat has been so greatly injured by the snows and frosts in May that the sudden rise of 12 cents in two weeks is justified, the calamity will affect al business prospects. The markets do not believe it, for stocks do not collapse. Iron, leather and hides still rise, and no holders of wheat would sell at 80 cents—a lower price than had been known at this season for thirty years prior to 1893—if current repots were credited. Some injury has undoubtedly been sustained, but our dispatches do not show that it is really serious. The temper is to buy, regardless of visible requirements, in the faith that prices are sure to rise. Western receipts of wheat for three weeks have been large, larger than last year in spite of storms and frosts. But the rise has practically stopped buying for export, as the similar rise did in April, 1884, which was followed by about the lowest price then ever known.

The week's sales here have amounted to 155,000,000 bushels, and accounts of damage by frost and insects are so mixed up that some traders infer the bugs must wear overcoats. Corn rose 3 3-4 cents during the week, though much of the corn killed may be replanted; pork rose 50 cents per barrel; lard five cents per 100 pounds, and oats 2 cents. Cotton also advanced three-eighths during the week, with sales of 1,556,200 bales, current estimates putting the decrease in acreage at 13.5 per cent and the crop at 7,350,000. Even this, with the known commercial and spinners stocks, would give the world for the year and a quarter to come more cotton than it has ever consumed in a year and a half.

Purchases of dry goods in the belief that the prices must rise have kept textile mills fairly busy, but the demand for cotton seems slacker on the whole, and print cloths are a sixteenth weaker.

Failures this week have been 207 in the United States against 183 last year, and 23 in Canada, against 28 last year.

IRON TRADE REVIEW.

No Evidence of a Boom Effort, but Better Prices Will Stay.

Cleveland, May 23.—The Iron Trade Review this week will say: While the business in iron and steel, done on the higher prices of the past fortnight, is insignificant in comparison with the vast volume of contracts that are being executed on the low price basis of the first quarter of the year, every week's transactions testify to the belief of buyers that the advance is to continue. There is no evidence of a boom effort in any line and for the most part the prices represent but little more than added wages and material costs. Support has been given the new prices by a quickened demand for finished material, and buyers who have waited for a reaction have seen each new inquiry answered with a higher quotation. It is unfortunate for manufacturers that the extent of the improvement has been so exaggerated, but that seems to have been inevitable. Northern makers of foundry iron have seen their first week of full participation in the upward movement. The retirement of Southern sellers from competitive points and the added wage and fuel costs strengthened prices, and with advancing quotations came freer covering of wants. In some instances foundries have paid $1 a ton more than the March basis. Bessemer, under continued buying at Pittsburg, has advanced squarely to $11.65, and some sellers have put their price at $11.90 or $11.25 in the valley.

CROP REPORT.

Not More Than Half a Crop of Winter Wheat in Sight.

Mr. Frank I. King, head of the grain firm of C. A. King & Co., of this city, has completed a most valuable report on the condition of the growing wheat crop. The reports of damage to the crops have caused the price to be extremely irregular of late Since Thursday last, Mr. King has received replies to queries sent out by him from 4,578 reliable grain dealers and millers, covering every important wheat country in the six principal winter wheat states, which generally raise two-thirds of that crop in the United States. Three thousand one hundred and eleven replies are from the larger wheat-producing counties and 1,467 from the less important. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kansas send about nine hundred reports each, while Michigan and Missouri, the smaller wheat states, contribute about five hundred each. The following is a summary of the replies:

Present prospect in the six states, reduced acreage considered, is for about half a wheat crop. Ohio and Michigan promise the best, about two-thirds of a crop. Missouri about half a crop; Indiana a trifle below half; Illinois worse and Kansas about a quarter. Three hundred and twenty-two report prospect a trifle better than an average; 517 an average; 1,056 three-quarters of a crop; 1,390 half a crop; 461 about 25 per cent.; 430 only a quarter, and 372 say it will be a failure. The latter come mostly from Kansas and Illinois.

The damage has occurred mostly during the past three weeks. Michigan shows but little and Illinois the most. Five hundred and fifty-three report no damage. One thousand five hundred complain of the unfavorable weather. One thousand one hundred and thirty say damage was caused by fly; 770 by chinch-bugs. One thousand and sixty-seven say frost and 122 rust. Missouri has suffered from chinch-bugs; Kansas had bad weather early; Illinois and Indiana suffered most from fly; Michigan has had no insect trouble yet.

Acreage harvested will be materially less than last year. Only 91 say it will be a trifle more; 916 say it will be about the same; 1,177 an eighth smaller; 637 a quarter smaller; 421 a third smaller; 629 a half less, 403 say two-thirds or more less. Kansas and Illinois show the worst. More is being plowed up than usual.

Reserves of old wheat are very small. Ohio has the most. Sixty-three of all report a third of last crop remaining; 309 say a quarter; 183 a fifth; 2,120 an eighth; 1,348 a sixteenth, and 1,488 say none left.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE BLADE,
Toledo, O., May 28, 1895.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	May 28.	May 21.
U. S. new 4's, coupons	125¾	125¾
U. S. new 4's, regist'd	125¾	125¾
U. S. 5's, coupons	116	115¾
U. S. 5's, registered	116	115¾
U. S. 4's, coupons	113	112¾
U. S. 4's, registered	112	112¾
U. S. 2's, registered	97	97
Pacific 6's of '95 (bid)	100	100

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

There was a hustling to get wheat when the markets opened this morning, and prices jumped in a manner to suit the ideas of the most enthusiastic bull. It reached a dizzy height 2 cents above the close—at Chicago yesterday—and everything had a wild look. The anticipated rains did not come, but instead the outlook is for a warm sun. This gave a bullish character to the trade, but the real cause of the stiff advance was the appearance of the report of C. A. King & Co., of this city. This affected every market in the United States, as it summarized the advices of more than 4,000 correspondents in the winter wheat section and showed that in the six principal wheat growing states the prospects are that there will not be more than half a crop. Toward noon there was a decline, with weakness, the principal factor being 2d decline in Liverpool. A thing that is likely to play a prominent part, if the reports are confirmed, is the German crop. This is the principal bread-food of the Germans, and the reports are that the crop is very poor. However, with rumors flying thick and fast, it is better to wait until reliable advices are received. Toward the close there was a recovery from the low point prices jumping up almost wild excitement. There was considerable realizing of profits, but this did not prevent a strong feeling. At the close prices were a little easy, with an undercurrent of strength.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 65,566 bushels; flour, 43,518 barrels; corn, wheat and flour in the aggregate, 261,437 bushels.

Receipts in the Northwest, 158,660 bushels, with 377 cars on track; on track same day last year, 202 cars.

The world's visible decreased 2,568,000 bushels during the week past.

Liverpool closed 3-4c higher; Paris wheat, 18@20 centimes lower; flour 05 centimes off.

Pork, for July delivery, opened at Chicago at $12.67 and closed at $12.70.

Oats, for July delivery, at Chicago opened at 29 7-8@30c, and closed at 30 7-8c.

Estimated receipts at Chicago for to-morrow: Wheat, 42 cars; corn, 800 cars; oats, 285 cars.

Corn was active and for a time was weak on heavy receipts at Chicago. But it afterward followed wheat, scoring 1 1-4c advance.

Mr. Solomon Meir, of Ligonier, Noble county, Indiana, was a visitor on 'Change to-day. He is a wealthy gentleman who has made a study of the matters. Noble county is on of the greatest wheat producing counties in Indiana. He says wheat does not look good, and not more than half a crop will be raised. The acreage is less than last year. There is practically no wheat in farmer's hands. What corn was up was nipped by the frost, but replanting is going on. Corn area is less than last year. Grass looks fair. Fruit has not been hurt much.

In considering the matter of invisible supply, there is this fact that is overlooked—the effect of depression on trade we have experienced during the past year, the consumption of w